

THE  
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

W. A. DURN, O.

L. M. LUKE, PA.

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C. B. NEWTON, INDIA.

TREASURER:

LEE MONTGOMERY, MO. N. R. H.

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VOL. XLVIII.

MARCH, 1893.

No. 8.

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THE STORY OF A LIFE.

SIX o'clock! The great bell in the city hall solemnly tolled out the hour, and the big bells and little bells and factory whistles all joined in a swelling, triumphant chorus, as if rejoicing that they were able to proclaim to tired humanity that the labors of another day were ended.

Down at the big rolling mill the men were putting on their coats and getting their dinner-buckets. What a sooty, grimy lot they were, with their threadbare, ragged clothes, their calloused, misshapen hands, and haggard, expressionless faces. They all had the same hard, hopeless look as if life held out few inducements for its maintenance, as if hope were a stranger and pleasure an infrequent guest. A hard life is that of the mill man. In that rough, heavy work, amid the awful heat of the blast furnace, the body wears out before its time.

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JANUARY 17TH.—Trenchard, '95, elected foot-ball captain for next year.

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Down the long, narrow street leading from the mill a solitary figure was striding. He paused before one of the

wretched frame houses and entered. It was a miserable room, with only two old beds, some chairs and a rickety table for furniture. In one corner on a chair rested a tin wash-basin and over it on the wall hung the frame of what was once a mirror. But only in one small corner did any of the original glass remain, and it was dimmed and blotched as if it were in a continual state of weeping over its lonely condition and the fate of its neighboring portions.

Yet this was his home; at least it was all the home he had. For two years now, ever since he had found a place in the mill, he had boarded here with old Smithers and his two sons, with Sal Smithers to do their cooking and washing. He threw down his dinner-bucket in one corner and drew up the least rickety chair toward the fire which was slowly dying on the hearth. By its flickering light it was possible for one to discern a pair of eyes whose glance seemed utterly devoid of intelligence, and yet a face whose simplicity and good nature in part made up for its lack of expression.

A door at his back opened and a young girl entered softly.

As she stood there glancing timidly at the stalwart outline of head and shoulders which the fire-light dimly revealed, one could readily see that she was not pretty. The gentle curves and outlines which seem almost natural to girlhood were all lacking. The iron of poverty had stamped its impress on her face and figure. And yet you could vaguely feel as if at the same time there was some subtle attractive power about her, revealed most of all in a pair of deep dark eyes which looked out upon the world with such a variety and intensity of expression as almost to startle you.

Coming forward toward the fire she said in a low tone, "Have you jest come in, Tom; where's Papan' the boys?"

"I dunno, Sal," the young man answered. "I reckon as how 'im an' the boys is gone up to Jones'. They wanted me along o' them, but I wasn't feelin' like it the night."



The girl sighed. "I suppose Pap an' the boys mus' get drunk onct in a while, but I wisht they wouldn't fight when they comes home. Why is it, Tom," she said, looking inquiringly at him, "that you don't never fight when yer drunk?"

Tom shook his head. "I dunno, Sal," he said, "unless it's true wot they says, that it's only them as is talented and smart wot allus fights when they's full. I guess I hain't talented."

She thought a moment, and then looking at him admiringly, said: "Tom, I know its awful nice to be talented, but I think if I waz you I'd jest as leave be dumb. I likes you, Tom," she continued, softly. "You don't never hit me when you're drunk, an' you kep Pap from hittin' me with a plate one night when he was full. I ken see the scar where it hit you now," and she touched his forehead gently with her forefinger. "Yes," she continued, "I think *I* likes people wot isn't talented the best." Evidently she was quite convinced that talent had its defects as a desirable possession.

"But, Sal," he remonstrated, "talent 's a mighty nice thing. Them as has lots of it don't have to work in the mill like us poor ones, but rides around in their carriages an' has things comfortable," and he sighed in a way unmistakably that he wisbed he were of the talented few.

After he had eaten his supper, he sat for over an hour in deep thought. Again and again the words of old Smithers rang in his ears. The old man had come up to him that day at dinner hour and said: "Its a dog's life we're leadin' here, Tom, me boy. What with bossin' aroun' an' worken day in an' day out, with poor grub and worse whiskey, it's a wonder a man's life ain't kilt entirely. I comes to you, Tom, me by, because I know'd if there was any chance to end it you woz the by."

Tom was very proud of such confidence and inquired, "Wot's up." After many promises of faithfulness, old Smithers had told him that the money for next pay day

would come down to-night in an iron box, and be locked up in a desk in the superintendent's house on the hill. Now was their chance. All they had to do was to break into the lonely mansion and get the money. It was as easy as "dancin'-a breakdown."

He thought it all over as he sat there. Yes, it was a dog's life he was leading, and many and many a time a deep longing had come over his simple mind to end it in some way. What chance better could he have than this. Sal came and sat beside him at the fire. She was working with true feminine industry on some article of knitting which, had he been quick enough to see, he might have readily discovered to be a pair of mittens for himself.

About eight o'clock he got up resolutely, as if his mind was made up.

She looked at him with alarm in her eyes. "Oh, Tom, don't go an' leave me alone when Pap and the boys comes home. "I don't think they'll be back afore me, Sal," he said, confidently, "so don't you be afeard."

She looked at him doubtfully as he put on his hat and buttoned his coat. "Where are you goin'?" at length she demanded suspiciously, resting her eyes full upon him. He moved uneasily and was plainly embarrassed. It never entered his dull mind to deceive her as to his intended expedition. "Well, Sal," at length he exclaimed irritably, "I don't see as how it's any of your business where I be's goin'."

She answered by bursting into tears. "I know'd it," she declared sobbingly, "yer runnin' after that Wilkins girl; you don't need ter tell me you're not. I don't care anyhow," and as if illustrating this latter declaration on the spot she rushed out of the room, slamming the door violently.

He looked at the closed door in a puzzled manner for a moment, and then shaking his head in a mystified way, he went out.

At the appointed rendezvous in the stone quarry he found the three other men. Old man Smithers remonstrated with him in a very forcible manner upon the lateness of his appearance, and the others growled an assenting chorus. They were all slightly under the influence of whiskey, which they had evidently taken in order to screw their courage up to the necessary pitch.

"Lookee here, Tom," said the elder Smithers brother, "When we allows a man into our little game an' appints 'im the honerous posishion of broken inter the house an' gotten the swag, we wants that man to be on time."

"Thats wot," the younger brother chimed in. But old Smithers, who had been arranging the tools and lantern, interrupted the conversation with a "Hist! b'ys, yer makin' too much noise. Be sinsible, an' don't let all the neighbors know that we're down here."

It was twelve o'clock when old Smithers finally gave the word, and silently they moved out of the quarry toward the mansion on the hill, against which their plans of assault were laid.

As they gained the summit, Tom glanced at the scene at his feet. Even to his dull mind there was some strange mystic charm in it.

Deep down in the valley twinkled the lights of the town. Over to the right, on the bank of the river, rose the tall chimneys of the mill, from whence the brightly colored flames ever and anon darted forth their forked tongues, and were reflected again in the dark, silent waters of the stream.

The house of the mill superintendent seemed wrapped in slumber. The four conspirators were soon hidden under the shadow of its dark walls, and then old Smithers unfolded his plan. Tom was to be sent inside for the money, the location of which was accurately explained to him. The other three were to keep guard outside.

Any one less obtuse than poor Tom might have discovered that all the dangerous, dirty work was being laid on him, while the rest only waited until he had accom-

plished it to share the fruits of his daring. His mind never questioned the fairness or unfairness of the plan. He was firmly convinced that this was his only chance of ever leaving the mill behind him. But if he was wanting in brains he was not in courage, and he accepted without complaint the task which had been assigned him.

With their tools the Smithers family soon effected an entrance at a back window, and through this Tom was pushed, and with a bull's-eye for sight, and a cold-chisel for defense, he began his explorations of the sleeping mansion. The emotions of fear which are common to most men did not enter his breast as he ascended the stairs softly in his bare-feet. The apartment of the superintendent had been described to him as the front room on the left side. Carefully he turned the knob. The door creaked on its hinges. He opened it wider, and stepped in.

"Is that you, John?" said a man's voice in a confused, sleepy tone. He turned the rays of the lantern towards the bed, and saw the superintendent sitting up and looking at him in a bewildered way.

It did not enter Tom's mind to run. He had been sent for the money, and have it he must. He sprang toward the bed. At the same time the superintendent reached his revolver and fired. The powder burnt the face of the young man and in a moment more he had knocked the superintendent insensible with a blow of his cold-chisel. But the shot aroused the house, and almost before he could turn toward the desk where he knew the money was kept two stalwart servants were upon him and in a trice he was bound hand and foot.

The Smithers family at the sound of the pistol shot had made good their escape, but the cold, gray dawn of morning found Tom lying on the cot of a prison cell.

Of course the papers were full of the attempted robbery and of the subsequent capture and confession of the Smithers family. Old Smithers turned state's evidence and told how

Tom had insisted on climbing in the window and how they were to give him three-fourths of the money for it.

Poor Tom! he felt very puzzled and anxious when he stood there on trial and heard old Smithers testify to the above, and he was still more confused when the Smithers brothers corroborated this testimony word for word. Had he broken in that window? Had he insisted on going after the money? Well, perhaps they were right, but he hadn't remembered it that way; but old Smithers had said it was so, and old Smithers was smart and ought to know. Anyway it was very generous for him to say they were going to give him three-fourths of the money. So, when they called him to the witness box and asked him if the statements of the former witnesses were true, he said that he hadn't remembered it that way, but that if old man Smithers and Rube and Jake said it was so he guessed it must be.

And then it puzzled him still further to see the angry, disgusted look of his counsel and hear the amused murmur of the crowd. He didn't see anything so very funny in a man's breaking in a window.

And so it was not long before he was back in the old cell again, and then he fell sick with a fever, and it was a month before he awoke and found the dark eyes of Sal looking down upon him with a strange, tender gaze which he could not understand.

He was getting very tired of it, this monotonous, cooped-up existence. He hoped that in a month or two they would let him go back to the mill and to old man Smithers and the boys. He missed Sal, too. To be sure he saw her every Saturday, but he was used to seeing her around every day.

So one day he asked one of the officers how many more weeks he would have to stay there for breaking that window, and the officer laughed and said that he reckoned it would be about as many *years* as he had been there weeks already, and he had been there nearly fifteen weeks now. He knew that well, for he had marked each week as it passed by

with a little scratch on his stone wall with a small piece of tin which he had found in the prison-yard.

Fifteen years! He lay on his narrow bed and thought. In fifteen years he would be too old to get a good place in the mill. In fifteen years old man Smithers would be dead, and the boys would have moved away somewhere. He never could stay there fifteen years, and he looked despairingly out through his bars at the bright blue sky overhead.

He took his little piece of tin from its hiding-place under the mattress. For some days he had been scraping it on the stone window-sill, till now its edge was sharp and bright. As he lay there the brightness of the sky died out, the darkness came down, and through his bars he could see the stars twinkling above. A wild yearning to be free came over him. With a passionate gesture he raised himself upon the bed and looked out from his narrow window. "I wisht I hadn't a done it," he said at length. He was thinking, for he worked up his brows in a manner peculiar to himself when he was more than usually excited. "I wisht I know'd what was the right place," he said at last, thoughtfully, lifting his left arm and looking at it attentively. "I guess it's about here," placing his hand on the inside of his wrist. With a swift movement he drew the sharp piece of tin across it, and lay down again, murmuring softly, "I wisht I could a' seen her afore—"

Morning! Bright, Spring morning, and with it comes Sal. She looks happy and fresh, and in her hand she carries a pretty little bouquet.

The officer, without entering himself, lets her into the cell. The dim light, which still lingers there, leaves the cell in partial gloom. She thinks him still asleep, and sitting on his only chair waits patiently for his wakening. The morning sunbeams rise higher and higher and penetrate deeper and deeper. The birds outside sing gayly. A sunbeam flutters in at the barred window and trips joyously over the stone pavement until it comes to something dark, red and wet by the bedside, and there it stops. Another

enters and now another. But, softly and gently shunning that dark, red spot, they flutter tenderly around the face of the sleeping man. Sal thinks he must be very tired and his face is so very white. Suddenly her eyes fall on that dark, red spot near the bed.

And the officer coming in quickly at the sound of a long, agonized cry from the prisoner's cell, sees a wretched figure kneeling at the bedside. The worn face is hidden in the rough bedding, but he catches a broken murmur: "An' I loved him so! He was all I had 'ter love!"

C. Waldo Cherry.

### TO GRACE.

"A little, pretty, witty, charming she."—*Trans. from Lucius.*

THE day is softly fading;  
My cigar  
Sends incense fragrant upward,  
And there are  
With the smoke rings intertwined,  
Thoughts of you, who were unkind.  
But, alas! You will not mind,  
Being far.

Was it kind to break our hearts,  
*O ma Belle?*  
There were others did not know;  
I knew well  
That, although not greatly aged,  
Still your little heart was caged;  
That, in fact, you were—engaged.  
*Ah cruelle!*

Who would think, gazing on your  
Face so fair,  
Eyes so blue, eyes so tender,  
Golden hair;



Eyes so tender and so blue,  
One can hardly think it true  
There is fun and mischief, too,  
Lurking there,

Well you knew, as you sat there  
So serene,  
I was frightend at your wit—  
Sharp and keen.  
The Professor at your side,  
Whom so heartlessly you guyed,  
Might condition me from pride,  
O, my Queen!

That evening, in the ball-room,  
Your were belle,  
And round you partners gally  
Cast your spell.  
But, alas! I cannot woo,  
For you see you'd then have two  
Hearts, and that would never do,  
So farewell.

*P. S.*

#### A READING FROM EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

"Read from some humbler poet  
Whose song gushed from the heart."

EMERSON says: "When we have broken our god of tradition and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with His presence." The same principle applies in our method of approaching poetry; when we approach it free from the trammels of tradition and unbiassed by the glamour which surrounds great names, when we have ceased from the stern deity of criticism and laid aside the rules of poetic art, then we may draw near to

it with receptive hearts and let its spirit fire our souls and thrill them with a pure and satisfying melody. Such moments, like the moments when the heart turneth in its simplicity to the great God, are rare, for they are spiritual moments, and only occasionally may most men leave the busy brain-stir, and enter the Holy of Holies. And yet because such moments are occasional is no reason that we should ignore them and so make them rarer still; rather let us welcome with gratitude the times when we may "lay our earthly fancies down," when the roar of life is silenced, and when, forgetting the click of machinery, the mechanism of metre, the hum of criticism, we may sit down at the poet's feet and feel flow unchecked within us "the hidden soul of harmony."

In the case of a world-poet, or even a "great" poet, this is almost impossible. His intellectual fire will inevitably kindle ours, his fame will creep in and mar the sanctity of the sanctuary. So it is that such times but seldom come to us in the presence of "the bards sublime." Soul elevation we feel, but not soul refreshing. Face to face with the lesser artist, the lesser poet, but the perhaps no lesser heart, we grow still but not awed, dumb but not stunned, and our free hearts run with him nimbly and gladly through green glade, or crag, or the "long reaches" of the mind, and we are void of care. A poet such as this was Edward Rowland Sill—a name never likely to be enrolled on any honor-list of poets—not widely known, but rather lovingly known, for he wrote neither basely nor trivially, and this thought runs clear as the measure of his verse. He was not original nor river-deep, but what care we of that, as we drink full heart-enjoyment from his liquid lines. We follow him, for instance, in his "Field Notes" when he says—

"I fling myself in a nest of green,  
Walled about and all unseen,  
And lose myself in the quiet hour."

And whether it be winter when we read, or bleak November, or sweet spring—it matters not—we breathe the full life of summer—

"Far up the hill-farm where the breeze  
Dips its wing in the billowy plain,  
Waves go chasing from the plain  
On softly undulating seas;  
Now near my nest they swerve and turn,  
And now go wandering without aim;  
Or yonder where the poppies burn,  
Race up the slope in harmless flame,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Cool in the glowing sun I feel  
On wrist and cheek the sea breeze steal  
From the wholesome ocean brine.  
The air is full of the whispering pine,  
Surf sound of an aërial sea,"

and so on through the slumbrous summer day, till borne on through the wholesome beauty comes the thought—

"Had every day such skies of blue,  
Were men all wise and women true,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Old earth were fair enough for me."

Lying there in the grass, the loveliness fills us, and the world grows all beautiful to us. So the careless hours go on, and flinging all our self into their blithe life, we cry

"I would give all that mind  
In the prim city's hoard can find—  
If so, the swiftness of the wind  
Might pass into my feet;  
If so, the sweetness of the wheat  
Into thy soul might pass,  
And the clear courage of the grass."

Too soon the shadows lengthen and the round earth "rolls into the summer night." We have had our souls bathed in the wholesome daylight; we have tasted a wholesome philosophy; we might have been critical just now; we prefer rather to be happy.

This and "The Venus of Milo" are Sill's only long poems, and they cover but some eight or ten short pages. We are not wearied by any long-drawn prosing. "The Venus of Milo" is finer than the "Field Notes," though not so natural. We feel instinctively that it puts us in a higher mood. It is a description of the two Venuses—the Medicean, symbol of earthly love; the Milesian, type of a purer flame. Wonderfully the fair picture of each unfolds before us, and the contrast is felt not seen, until, even were it not written, we would feel that

"The inner passion pure as very fire  
Burns to light ash the earthlier desire."

The closing lines are full of nobility, as shunning the temptation of the Medicean's "waving hand," and "white feet glimmering in the harvest field;" the poet addresses Aphrodite—

"But as heaven deepens, and the cross and lyre  
Lift up their stars beneath the northern crown,  
Unto the yearning of the world's desire,  
I shall be 'ware of answer coming down;  
And something, when my heart the darkness stills,  
Shall tell me without sound or sight,  
That other footsteps are upon the hills;  
Till the dim earth is luminous with the light  
Of the white dawn from some far hidden shore,  
That shines upon thy forehead evermore."

Perhaps the most true toned, certainly the best known of his poems is the "Fool's Prayer." To get into the spirit of it we should read it all. It is incomplete in fragments, but we have only time to quote those two exquisite verses, which vibrate in us, not only solemnly but sadly, they are so true:

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend."

"The ill-timed truths we might have kept—  
 Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?  
 The word we had not sense to say—  
 Who knows how grandly it had rung?"

Such lines and those that are omitted we can afford to read and re-read when our little souls swell self-righteous even in their cap and bells, and we must cry with the Jester, "O Lord, be merciful to me, a fool!"

Somewhat similar in vein are "Dare You?" "The Invisible," "The Reformer," and "Blindfold," all of them worth reading and worth making a part of us, but not falling in with the spirit of the moment so much as others. Just now we would fain linger and be soothed, and could anything better match our mood than "Wiegenlied?"

"Be still and sleep, my soul,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Thou hast no need to wake,  
 Thou art no sentinel;  
 Love all the care will take,  
 And Wisdom watcheth well.  
 Weep not, think not, but rest!  
 The stars in silence roll;  
 On the world's mother-breast,  
 Be still and sleep, my soul!"

We have often had lines stay with us like some sweet chord of remembered music, and in this little volume are many such. For example, in "Among the Redwoods," we are lost in the dim forest, and like a benediction comes upon us

"Delicious dark on weary eyelids prest;"

and later on, we will always remember how

"Aloft a little rift of blue is made  
 Where alips a Ghost that last night was the moon;"

and once more the close of the poem stirs us strangely, as

"The columned trees sway imperceptibly  
And creak as mighty masts when trade-winds blow.  
The cloudy sails are set; the earth-ship swings  
Along the sea of peace to grander things."

In speaking of "Home," could anything be more delicate than this?—

"There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,  
Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er  
And touches its face most tenderly."

Here is another happy touch—

"When the low music makes a dusk of sound  
About us, and the viol or far-off horn  
Swells out above it like a wind forlorn."

What more do we need, to hear and feel the melody lying embalmed in each word.

But we must hurry on. "Tranquillity," "Carpe Diem," and others we must read, but not now. "Five Lives" is unique in its keen satire and brings us back to worldly things, so almost before we know it the small volume is finished. Enough; let us close the little book. It is good to have been with it thus for a time. To be sure we may have lost mental energy, but let be,—we have had rest and music,—and it is late, and the times are fast. To-morrow the world will rush on, Shakespeare and Milton and the masters all will take their high seats again and will make us rich and strong. We shall not have forgotten the evening star, it will simply have paled in the strong light; but again, when cares press and the night comes down we will turn once more, perhaps, to him who had

"For weary feet, the gift of rest."

*Charles Bertram Newton.*

## HAUNTED.

A LOOF from all the springtide  
That spilled its light and fair  
Warm color, and its fragrance  
Along the roadside there,  
Deserted stood the mansion  
Amidst the moan and croon  
Of winds, and gaunt and darkened  
It loomed at brightest noon.

When sunset over meadows  
Was soft and glimmering gold,  
The black length of that house, 'gainst skies  
Blood streaked, would stand acold.  
When night fell on the moorland,  
And fields and birds were still,  
Down the halls came childish laughter,  
Down empty halls and chill.

The morning brought no glory,  
The rose of day-dawn fled,  
That place of brooding shadows  
A home? A heart!—long dead.

*Newton Booth Tarkington.*

## THE FOLLY OF JAMES HAWKINS.

EIGHT months in the year, from October to May, the Jersey coast is a barren, almost deserted waste of drifting sand-dunes and coarse, salt-marsh grass, indented here and there by ragged bays and inlets, along whose wooded shores the water-fowl love to settle from their semi-annual flights. Occasional towns and villages dot the shore, but during these months they seem asleep, and the white sea-gulls whirl above them unalarmed. It is then, during the bitter winter nights, when the light-house pierces the darkness with its intermittent gleams, that the old sea-dogs puff their pipes around the hot stove at the corner grocery, and spin yarns of the early days when they trod the rolling



decks and climbed the creaking rigging, while out in the storm the coast-guard walks his beat along the shore, straining his eyes for distress-signals out on the angry waves, the fierce wind flinging the salt surf-spray in his bronzed face.

But what a change takes place in June! From Sandy Hook to Barnegat bay the great hotels that ever since the previous season have stood closed and empty, become in a few days alive with pleasure-seeking humanity, and from morning till far into the night each is one round of gayety. Then, too, are thrown open the great, handsome cottages that line the main road along the coast, each surrounded by its smooth-shaven lawn, with its walks and driveways, and each with its little summer-house or "deck," as the local name is, looking out over the sea from the bulkhead; while, every fair afternoon, the smooth boulevards of Asbury Park, Long Branch and Hollywood are crowded with fine carriages and handsome horses, and ring with the hum of wheels and the clink of silvered harness till far on into the twilight.

All this, the usual phenomena of a great summer resort, was of the utmost interest to James Hawkins, a young Westerner who had just left the quiet campus that surrounds the old brownstone walls of that venerable theological seminary, back in the middle of the State. He was a tall, slender, smooth-faced young fellow of some twenty-six years, blue-eyed, a bit of a self-confident expression on his face and a touch of that unused-to-the-ways-of-this-world air that distinguishes a certain class of theologues. On the whole he was quite an average man, decidedly not one whom you would turn to look at in passing on the street, but he was all the world to the little Western girl whom he had asked, a year before, to marry him, and who loved him with all her heart.

The fellows had called him "that grind, Hawkins," in the small Western college from which he had graduated, *magna cum laude*. Then he had come East to the "Sem.," and had worked in his steady, slow way for the past three

years, so that he thought he had quite earned the next few weeks of vacation that he was to spend in a very luxurious manner, for him, at the Atlantic Hotel in West End, before taking up his labors in the little Salem county village church, whose call he had accepted. There was another attraction, also, for his fiancée and her mother happened to be in the East just then, a rare treat for them, and they were stopping at the Atlantic for a few days to see the sights.

As the three were chatting together at the long dining-table, the evening of their arrival, with all the eagerness of re-united friends, a couple of strikingly-dressed young ladies who were seated opposite stared across at Susie Nesmith, and after a whispered consultation decided that she was "so awfully countryfied." But they were wrong, for although she was not pretty, this quiet little Westerner, with her features that were a trifle irregular, her face, with its light hair and earnest eyes, was that of the modest, conscientious girl that she had always been, out in the half-grown Iowa town that was her home.

Very good times "Jim" and she had together for the first few days of their stay. In the mornings they walked along the sand investigating, like two children, the heterogeneous mass of rubbish that the sea tosses up with every tide, or stopping to look through the interesting little life-saving station and to talk with the jolly old sailors they found there. Again, they drove down to Asbury Park, sometimes taking Mrs. Nesmith with them; or in the afternoon they took the road over toward Red Bank or strolled around among the big cottages, along the coast road. In the evenings they used to walk together up to the big hotels to see the dancing, or out on the sand to watch the white flash of the surf-lines on the blackness of the waves. But all the time, quite like any other engaged couple, they talked and planned for the little home that was so soon to be, in the New Jersey village, where he would be the new minister of the little church on the main street. And more than once, not un-

like other engaged couples in this, I fancy, they agreed that they were happier than ever before. But that was all before Mabel Van Courtlandt came.

Mrs. Van Courtlandt and Mrs. Nesmith had been girls together, though they were as different then as their daughters were now. While Mrs. Nesmith had married a hard-working man of small means and had to work hard herself in her little Western home, Mrs. Van Courtlandt's husband was well off, indeed no less a man than the proprietor of the famous "Van Courtlandt Sanitarium." To be sure, other physicians smile rather significantly at the mention of "Doctor" Van Courtlandt's name, and had even been known to hint that no diploma adorned his office walls, but he had plenty of money and, as society rarely asks pointed questions as to one's husband's affairs, Mrs. Van Courtlandt troubled herself very little about it all. As for her daughter, she never gave a thought to business, if only her bills were paid.

Mrs. Van Courtlandt and her daughter came down to Elberon a trifle earlier than usual this year, when every one was anxious to get away from that dreaded fleet at Lower Quarantine. They stayed, as they had for a couple of seasons past, at "The Elberon," and things being a trifle slow just then, Mrs. Van Courtlandt whiled away an afternoon by calling on her old acquaintance at "The Atlantic," and thus it was Hawkins met Miss Van Courtlandt.

She was a striking girl, with her soft, black hair, her high color, her daring brown eyes and her half-demure mouth, with its smile that was so fascinating and so false. As she walked up to the hotel porch with her easy carriage, that gait that was the latest fad, the body inclined the least bit forward, the shoulders square and the arms slightly bent at the elbow, the walk itself being that familiar, half-swinging movement of the hips, she was a picture that made Hawkins watch her every movement just as other men always did, just as she meant that they should.

Mabel Van Courtlandt was a society flirt, skillful and heartless. Perhaps the truth never occurred to her that the

woman is guilty of a serious crime who exercises this, the refinement of cruelty, in deliberately playing with the strongest affections of a man's heart, winning from him the greatest gift that it lies in his power to give, all because it amuses her and feeds her vanity, only to toss him aside like a toy whose charm of novelty is gone, to make room for the next. Let a man be the offender and the law will do what little it can, authorizing a heavy fine as the price that the trifier shall pay for the insult. But if a woman deceives and breaks some trusting heart, "just for fun," society laughs, nay, even applauds, while the victim suffers.

It was a trifle early in the season and there were not many men at "The Elberon" yet, so Miss Van Courtlandt was not averse to sharpening up her weapons of conquest by a little practice on innocent Mr. Hawkins and so, as she left "The Atlantic" after their call, she bestowed on the young man her best hand-shake, the very latest, with raised elbow and bent finger-tips, adding a word of polite invitation to call at their hotel, accompanied by a glance of her brown eyes that she meant should bring him around the next evening—precisely as it did. He called more than once, you may be sure, for he had never met anyone like this pretty society girl and she quite charmed him. He liked that little air of freedom that he had never before seen in a girl, the jaunty way with which she greeted him, her sparkling, racy small-talk, and he greatly admired "that attractive ingenuousness," as he called it, that was the most studied and practised of all Mabel Van Courtlandt's many arts.

That first evening, when his profession was casually mentioned and she coolly said, with a little *moué*, that she didn't like ministers, they were usually "so dreadfully slow," Hawkins winced as he thought of Susie Nesmith and her quiet, modest, unassuming ways. Her opinion of ministers was not the same, but somehow the thought of her just then was not quite what it once was to him, and as he remembered the little country church that he was going to, and thought of that Sunday that he preached there, of

the hot sun that streamed in through the red and blue windows upon the congregation of placid fanning folk, of how the singers flatted, and of the baby that cried during the sermon, it all seemed dull and unattractive as he looked at the gay, careless girl at his side and wondered whether her eyes would always sparkle like that and—and as in her talk she leaned toward him and he felt her breath on his cheek, he forgot everything but the enchantment of her presence and her conversation. And she—she didn't bother her pretty head about it, it was entertaining, it killed time and she liked it—why should she not?

Another day, shortly after, when Hawkins had been impatiently lounging about the piazza of the Atlantic all the morning, unmindful of the beauty of the sea that sparkled along the shore and only waiting for the afternoon to come on, Susie suggested to him, as they went in to lunch, that they go for a drive after the meal. He had to make an excuse, awkwardly enough, about having an engagement that prevented, for Mabel Van Courtlandt had promised to drive with him. Of course, his conscience pricked him for it, but he said to himself as he hastened to the livery stable that he would not be bothered by it long, for Miss Van Courtlandt has even now so far turned his head that he thought of but little else.

His fiancée, her mother, the little country church and all else were forgotten when the fair Mabel walked out from the hotel, under her crimson sun-shade, and gave him one little, white-gloved hand, that he might assist her into the low carriage. Over toward Eatontown and Shrewsbury they drove and then along the level stretch, the beautiful Rumson road, lined on either side with wide lawns shut in by massive stone fences and gates of fancy iron-work, the quaint roofs of rich men's magnificent country-houses showing here and there above the trees and shrubbery. Hawkins never forgot that ride, even in after years when he often wished to do so. She drove most of the time while he talked with her, watched her, held her crimson parasol over her or buttoned her gloves.

Those gloves! They were continually getting unfastened and as often needing to be buttoned again, and once, when they were quite out into the country, as he was buttoning them for about the twentieth time and taking, at that, enough time to fasten a gross of ordinary gloves, the flash in her brown eyes and the warmth of the little hand he held tempted him and he impulsively kissed the soft palm, just before he pulled the glove over it. Then he blushed and looked up, half-ashamed, but Mabel Van Courtlandt only put on a half-frown that she knew was very becoming and said: "Oh! you oughtn't to;" adding with well-assumed demureness, "but it was only a little thing and didn't hurt anybody," and deep down in her sly heart she laughed to herself at the young minister.

He didn't see the laugh, though, so he went on, unrestrained, and poured out in eager, excited words all the feeling that her skillful playing with him had aroused in the past few days. He could not have told, five minutes afterward, what he had said to her, but it all came back to him—later. And now she laughed at him prettily and heartily enough, this time enjoying as she did the feeling of her power over this man, just as she had enjoyed swaying more than one luckless fellow before. And all the rest of the drive Hawkins never suspected that her merriment was not called forth by what he said, but by the sense of exhilaration that she always felt when she saw her power over susceptible men assert itself. How should he know, poor fellow, that this was the supreme delight of her flirting, butter-fly life, and that to once bring any man to the point where she could see the depth of feeling burning in his eyes, to compel him to show her that she had thoroughly fascinated him, and—that was all she cared for him.

The next afternoon, troubled by his conscience, but still under the charm of the recollections of the past few days, the young minister left the hotel and went for a stroll along the sand alone. Down toward Elberon he idly sauntered, across the outlet of Lake Takanssee, and finally, hardly



knowing why, he seated himself in the shade of one of the great wooden bulkheads that jut out towards the sea, to ward off the ravages of the winter tides.

The tide was low, the surf quite subdued, hardly more than a little splashing as each wave rolled in and ran, pushing its foam before it up the sand, only to slip back again. Before him there was strewn all that endless variety of debris that the sea yields up twice every twenty-four hours in the shape of bottles, corks, shells, bits of wood and all the rest of that flotsam and jetsam that is so familiar to one who knows the sea-shore. Hawkins lay there on the warm sand, shaded from the heat of the summer sun, now toying with this shell, now that bit of sea-weed, and now looking out to sea to watch some coasting steamer in the distance, her white upper works and a faint trail of smoke, all that was visible above the blue horizon.

Suddenly, as he lay there, still thinking of the light touch of that little hand on his lips, he heard his name spoken and that in Mabel Van Courtland's pretty voice. Controlling his first impulse to spring up and step around the end of the bulkhead that separated them, he listened intently to what followed. And what he heard was that laughing voice telling the story of the past few days with a most comical imitation of his own earnestness of manner that cut him to the quick as he listened to it. She told it merrily, as the best of jokes, and told it all, even to that ride of but the day before along the pretty Rumson road, and more than that she told how, all along, she had mischievously, cruelly played him till she forced him to the end, and as he heard it he saw, for the first time, the sly artfulness that underlay her conduct through the whole of their acquaintance. And then he heard her tell, mimicking his every tone, all that he had impetuously said to her when he could resist her cunning no longer. As the story wound up with a careless but a heartlessly cruel, laughing remark about "that funny Mr. Hawkins," he heard a laugh, a man's laugh, answer to hers, and, springing to his feet, he stepped around



the end of the bulkhead and confronted Mabel Van Courtlandt, sitting comfortably on the sand with her crimson parasol above her pretty head and at her feet, reclining on the sand, an athletic-looking collegian in a neat white tennis-suit, with an expression of comfortable ease and thorough appreciation of his good company on his smooth young face.

As Hawkins, his face white and angry, stepped before them, Mabel Van Courtlandt's fair face reddened, just for an instant, as she realized that he had heard it all. It was not for more than an instant, though, and then her self-composure came back, and looking up at him, looking him steadily in the eyes, she sang, in her clear voice, a snatch from a popular opera,

"But if we took another look,  
We'd see another fellow."

Just a line or two, but as it stopped the color came back to Hawkins' face, and without a word he turned away and walked back toward the hotel, slowly and with downcast eyes, his heels sinking in the white sand as he walked and now and then a wave washing out his foot-prints behind him.

A little later he drove up to "The Atlantic" and asked Susie to go for a drive with him. She saw the trouble in his face and went at once, her true woman's instinct divining the secret of it all.

It is not for us to hear what was said during that drive, but when they returned the sunset was gilding the western sky, and Jim, a very different look on his face this time, carefully helped Susie to the ground. A sweet-faced, elderly woman sitting on the porch of the hotel remarked to her husband, "How very happy those young people are to-night. Life must be bright to them."

She was right. Life looked bright to them indeed, for James Hawkins had confessed his folly and had been forgiven.

*Paul Burrill Jenkins.*

## THE LAST IMMORTALS.

IMMORTALS once, when all the world was young,  
From high Olympus came with stately steps,  
And moved among mankind majestically;  
And all hearts, fresh from the bright dawn of time,  
Caught fire, and grew high, beautiful as they.

But now the world with centuries grown grey,  
And blinded by the dust of earthly things,  
Knows not their presence as before. And yet  
A remnant still remains, and Time's long lapse  
Finds these still stirring the weak souls of men—

## I.

The beauty that burns thro' the cloud-rack's wings,  
When the swift sun down to the night-gulf swings,  
And the fire that trails from its headlong flight,  
Quivers and quails on the brink of night!

The beauty that bursts from the strength of the storm,  
When the lightning leaps with its long, lithe form,  
When the wild air flies from the face of the gloom,  
And the thunder laughs in its voice of doom!

The beauty that beats through the quiet calm  
Of eternal cliffs—an eternal psalm  
That is borne from the stars in the deeps of space,  
Till it breaks on the headlands of time and place.

The beauty that batters the bars of the brain,  
Till the chain-worn spirit is free again,  
And leaps like an upward flashing flame,  
A spark of nature to meet the same!

## II.

It is left to us still,  
Though the years work their will  
And have bartered away  
The old golden day,  
The glory of nature inspires us still!

## III.

A woman's wealth of wayward hair,  
Caressed by every wandering air—  
Something of sweetness like breath of hay—  
Something of softness like dusk of day.

A woman's eyes—not deeply dark,  
Not making of life their target mark,  
Simply a sky-like depth of blue,  
Unclouded, clear—above all, true.

A woman's voice—a voice that thrills  
Like the liquid tune of brook-girt hills,  
And yet unlike, for there is no sound  
Like this the whole wide world around.

A woman's heart—not tinsel-gold,  
Gold is too poor, too hard and cold;  
But mirrored in voice and eyes and hair—  
The essence of all that makes her fair.

## IV.

It is left to us still,  
Though the years work their will,  
And have wasted in truth  
Their chivalrous youth,  
The heart of a woman inspires us still!

## V.

All the deeds that move heroic  
Driving back the hand of Fate,  
Sweeping on in civic splendor,  
Or in lowly pathways great.

Deeds that daunt the cruel forces  
Moving by unswerving law,  
Fiery flame or slow contagion,  
Nature "red in tooth and claw."

Deeds that gain no earthly lustre,  
Never were by poet sung,  
Long self-sacrifice and service,  
Smiles from hearts with torture wrung.

All the deeds that move heroic—  
How they lift our craven lives,  
Till we feel that through the humdrum  
Still a mighty spirit drives!

## VI.

It is left to us still,  
Though the years work their will,  
And the heroes have gone  
Of battles and brawn,  
The spirit heroic inspires us still!

Inspire us still. Let no one chide the times  
While these abide. So long as they remain  
There is courage, hope; the days are great,  
And shall be; they will never leave our world,  
For lo, within us these Immortals dwell!

*Charles Bertram Newton.*

## A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF ALGONQUIN.

ADAPTED FROM SCATTERED RECORDS CONCERNING THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN  
SPINSTERS.

IN THE village of Algonquin, in one of the oldest and largest of the old stone houses fronting on the river, there dwelt, some little time back, Mr. James Olney, J. P., and his son John Olney, named after the original settler of that name. The old gentleman was a universal favorite in the valley, but no share of his good nature had fallen to the lot of John, so that he was exceedingly unpopular, except among a few of the conservative old women of the church.

What his real faults were it might have been hard to define very logically. He was not a dunce. On the contrary, he was one of the best scholars in the valley, could drive the sharpest of bargains and calculate accounts with a readiness and closeness that would cheat even the devil of his due. He was not vitally inconsistent with his religious professions. On the contrary, he was a most zealous attendant on all the services of the church. His only really evident faults were an abnormal tendency toward an angle at the knees, (even John admitted that he had a *tendency* in that direction, "northerly and southerly expressed geographically, or easterly and westerly if he was standing

crossways"); a close-fistedness so deeply rooted in him that "he would sit in the back pew in church to save the interest on his collection while the box was being passed around," to use one of the gibes of the valley; a slight touch of spring laziness, which lasted with him all the year round; a frigidity of manner that made the most enthusiastic book agent shiver, and a general lack of interest in anybody except himself, his horses and his bank account.

"Poor John," thought his devoted sister Jennie, as she dusted the parlor furniture one morning preparatory to the meeting of the society she was to have that day. "Poor John, he needs something to make him devoted; oh, if he was only devoted. If he would only get the right woman," but Jennie saw with despair the shadow of thirty-five years hanging over her brother's head, and she brushed the dust from the mantlepiece with a sigh.

Jennie's original name had been Eliza Jane. But as she had grown older and older, and seen the bloom fade gradually from her cheeks, and the angles of her face become a little more pronounced as she looked in the old square mirror, she had come to call herself Jennie. It was about her thirtieth birthday that she began the habit, and she remembered still that she thought there must be something wrong with the looking-glass, she seemed so peaked and thin. That day is hard on names in a little village. There or thereabouts the Sarahs and Margarets and Elizabeths begin to become Sadies and Maggies and Lizzies, especially among themselves, trying thus to keep up at least the name of a younger day. Jennie had begun to change her name some ten years before. She could remember it very well, for she still had the little poem she had written on that thirtieth birthday. It was named from a little song she knew, "Darling, I am growing old."

Jennie had the reputation of being the brightest girl in books in all the valley, even though her education had been entirely self-made, and so it was that all the Christian Endeavor societies asked her to read papers at their conven-

tions; that the G. A. R. called upon her energies for a poem every Decoration Day; the school, a similar duty at their Washington's Birthday entertainment; and a year or two before, two young ladies had even gone so far as to ask her for a valentine. But with all this she often felt that her energies had been wasted; that Fortune had been very hard with her and that now, even if she were left entirely free from care and trouble, her life was too old to hold much in store for her. With such thoughts as these a melancholy had come more and more into her life, and with it that resignation which says with a great effort of volition, "I will be resigned, I must be resigned," so that life is a mere struggle after a feeling of rest. As a consequence, her voice had a touch of sadness in it and her tones were slow and solemn, her walk the mysterious gliding of a spectre through the room, and with a great effort she had come to wear plain black.

To-day, however, she was moving about a little more briskly than usual. The Society of American Spinsters was to meet that morning in Jennie Olney's parlor, and the carpet needed to be swept and the fire kindled and the furniture dusted. Lizzie Andrews had suggested that name for them at Sadie Patterson's dinner party more than six months before. She was the jolliest and wittiest and withal the youngest of the four who constituted its membership, and "it was just like her to think of that fool thing," as Sadie Patterson and Virginia Thompson had said after the meeting that day. Lizzie had a most keen sense of the ridiculous; there wasn't a joke or a crack on anybody for miles around but she had it on her tongue's end. This, with a touch of the actress and a good musical education, made her the favorite of every party, young or old. To be sure she was thirty-three, but nobody would have thought it, as she had often been told consolingly. It was in her usual spirit of fun that she had suggested the name "The Society of American Spinsters" at the dinner party, and

over "that fool thing" these four dear creatures had laughed the whole afternoon.

At least Sadie and Lizzie had, for Sadie grew very enthusiastic over any scheme of Lizzie's. Jennie was too quiet and solemn and Virginia too staid and prim to lose themselves very far. But Lizzie and Sadie had laughed until good Mrs. Olney was frightened. Not only that but they had drawn up a mock constitution, one of the points being that they should meet every six weeks "for promoting social intercourse among the members and edifying the mind," (as it is stated in Jennie Olney's journal). Lizzie never knew when to stop anything of that kind, and so as the novelty wore away she suggested to keep up the interest, that papers be read and topics discussed, till at last they had a whole ritual of ceremonies.

It was Washington's Birthday and the society was to meet that morning, so Jennie Olney was particularly careful about the room. She took the stuffed chair-cushions out of their resting places, dusted the frames and laid the cushions back very carefully. Then she put the large arm-chair almost in front of the fireplace and one yard back from the hearth; the sofa before the large bay-window, finding first the exact spot where the castors had stamped the carpet; and one small chair in the angles on either side of the mantelpiece and exactly six inches from the wall—had it been six and one-half inches one of the most sacred traditions of the family would have been violated. Then she hung straight the little round frames containing the pictures of the justice and his wife and opened back the organ lid—"Lizzie may want to play some," she said by way of self-explanation, and after drawing the newly-ironed curtains over the glass knobs on either side of the big gilt-framed mirror, she went out to get the dinner.

It was a jolly crowd that gathered around the table in the Olney dining-room that day, for it was not only Washington's birthday but the society were in a state of unusual exhilaration,—for Sadie Patterson had been away two or



three months and had just come home again the day before. She had been a school mistress once and had been educated in a ladies' seminary somewhere in the West. She had lived in a more cultured society than the rest of the members and, being in a way a lady of leisure, had read and studied quite a little. While in Algonquin she lived with her sister, Mrs. Dr. McCutcheon; there she did the honors of the house, while Mrs. McCutcheon performed the more onerous duties of the establishment. Miss Patterson thought herself too weak to assist in any of the hard work about the house but spent her time talking to callers, knitting, sewing and making dresses for her little niece who was named after her, and on whom she lavished all the love and leisure that was at her command. She was continually thinking of great projects for the reform of the race, and was intensely interested in the work of the Foreign Missionary Association. She distributed tracts every two weeks to the members of the Endeavor society, and had two mite-boxes which she carried constantly in the hope of getting some spare money for the great work.

Then there was Virginia Thompson, the most reserved, old-fashioned member of the society. She always agreed with the suggestions of the other members and never smiled unless somebody else laughed first. She was not at all demonstrative, like Lizzie or Sadie. Indeed, her precise habits would not allow her to be so, for she was one of those persons in whom persistent habit has come to take the place of will power.

She arose promptly at five in the morning and retired at nine in the evening. She had an invariable rule—that she can twenty-five quarts of quinces, thirty of peaches and fifty of berries each and every season, if the fruit could be had for love or money. Then, too, she had quilting parties twice each year as regularly as the return of the year itself. Not that she had any need of comforters, she had twenty-three by actual count which had never been used. "They might come handy some time," she said by way of explana-

tion to any inquiry about them. She had, also, a special interest in working tidies and lambrequins, and working mottoes which she hung up in conspicuous places in the house. There was a "Welcome" in large red letters over the doorway into the parlor, and above the mantle in blue and gold, "God bless our Home." It had a small representation of a palace in the background and in the corner a gold cottage, with red ivy vines and green clematis climbing over the window. She prized it as her best work. In her leisure moments she counted the moneys of the Christian Endeavor Society, or made little spectacle cases for her father and mother, working on them in small letters,

"When you are old and cannot see,  
Put on your specs and think of me."

She was of course the least enthusiastic of the members, and usually sat up straight and prim.

Besides the four members of the society there were Mr. and Mrs. Olney and John. Mr. Olney with a genial smile lighting up his big, jolly face, sat at the head of the table, Mrs. Olney smiling too, with a little black cap drawn well forward over her gray hair and tied under her chin with narrow ribbons, looked pleasantly out from her retreat behind the tea cups over a bewildering display of meats and salads and cakes and custards. John sat beside Virginia and Lizzie and Sadie at the opposite side, while Jennie waited on the table. Mr. Olney said grace with a fervor which brought a color to the cheeks of Miss Patterson, and after Mrs. Olney had poured the tea, Lizzie, as the secretary of the society, announced the reading of a poem by Miss Olney, whereupon Miss Olney set her bread plate upon the waiting table, thrust her hand deep down into the pocket of her skirt and drew forth a long document which was headed, "The Death of Washington." The original manuscript has been lost, so that we can give here only the closing lines which Lizzie Andrews happened to remember:

"Since that eventful morning's dawn  
One hundred years have come and gone,  
Since the events that marked that day  
One hundred years have passed away;  
And yet his memory still is green  
Among the men of Algonquin.  
So come, we'll tell to sire and son  
The immortal deeds of Washington."

A vote of thanks was rendered this production and Miss Patterson was appointed to investigate the age of Mary Telfer, as to whether she was eligible for membership. Lizzie then opened the discussion for that day whether the Widow Hodgins, who had lived for ten years in single blessedness, be admitted as an honorary member. After the club had exhausted its flow of wit upon this subject they proceeded to something more substantial.

The feast of good things began to awaken John's ideas as he sat there amid the sparkling talk that went around the table, and his thoughts began unconsciously to pry into the future. And while the vista of the "to come" which he opened up was very narrow and dark, he thought he could distinguish there a few things of interest to him. First, it seemed probable that the justice, his father, would not live always; that, in fact, it was very likely that he would survive the justice, not only in years but in patrimony. Then he saw his mother growing old and feeble, and Jennie weakening away more and more. He read the future to this extent, and just at that moment Virginia asked for another cup of tea (on such trivial incidents do the greatest events often turn), so that his attention was drawn to her, and he thought of the great jars of fruit in the cellar of the Thompson mansion, the wonderful bread he had eaten there (Jennie's reputation did not rest in baking) and the dinner they had there last threshing-time; and then, having united his surmisings of the future with his reverie on the state of the Thompson dining-room, he drew a conclusion in his own mind which he determined to put into effect at no late date.

A week later the community was startled by the news that the old justice had been found dead in his chair. But what was even a more unexpected thing, it was rumored in a month or two that John had begun to make evening calls upon Miss Virginia. The fact that John was now worth something like \$120,000 made this rumor especially interesting to two members of the club. They immediately held a consultation, neither for a moment suspecting that the other was very jealous of the good fortune of Miss Virginia.

"I would like to see them talking awhile. Wouldn't they have an animated conversation!" began Lizzie.

"Wouldn't they," assented Sadie demurely.

"She'll say 'Good-evening, John,' and he'll say 'What?' and she will say 'good-evening' again, and he'll say 'what?' again; and she'll say it the third time, and John will say 'yes.'"

"Wouldn't it be fun though!" Sadie's enthusiasm was likely to be kindled by any scheme of Lizzie's.

"Let's go over and try the society's constitution on her, just for fun, and show her the folly of this double cussedness," proposed Lizzie.

"Maybe she might be offended, we don't want to do that," dissented Sadie.

"Offend nothing; you can't offend her. Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon," and the two separated, with keen thoughts of the \$120,000 which went with John Olney.

The next afternoon saw them pounding the big brass knocker on the door of the Thompson mansion. Virginia met them at the door, a little less staid than usual.

"Come right in, don't stop to wipe your shoes," she said as she opened the door; "I knew it was you by the way you shut the gate. Are you folks all well?"

"O yes, about the same," answered Lizzie, with a little wink at Sadie.

"How is Mrs. McCutcheon?" then inquired Virginia of Miss Patterson.

"Well, some days she is pretty well, but other days she's not quite so well. Now, to-day she is a little better than she was yesterday, but to-morrow she may be worse than she is to-day. I thought I would bring you a few patches for your new crazy quilt," she added; "here's some silk from my new dress and here's a scrap or two that was left over from the new gown I made Viola." (Viola was her little niece.)

"They will come in right handy for the centrepiece. I am going to quilt it next Saturday; I suppose you folks will want to help?"

"O, of course," chimed in Lizzie; "we will be glad to help our sister in the bond. They say John don't seem to care much for his loss."

"I heard to-day that Mrs. Olney and Jennie are going to move to Adena in the Fall," said Virginia, not noticing Lizzie's remark.

"Why, what will John do? He can't get anybody to keep house for him. The way he goes trailing through the house, wearing out the carpets and bringing in mud. Wouldn't they have a pleasant time with him, though, speaking on an average of ten words a day?"

"O, I don't know," Virginia said, "I don't know but we may all be disappointed in John; he may turn out to be a pretty good fellow after all."

"Yes, he might. Jennie says he would if he was only devoted. The idea of him being devoted. Wouldn't you hate to be the object of his devotions, Virginia?" and Lizzie winked at Sadie, but that lady was looking rather solemn, as though Lizzie was carrying the joke too far.

Virginia did not answer the question but changed the topic by saying: "Sadie, I have some little collection for your mite-box."

"O, what a dear soul you are, Virginia. Is it for the temperance or missionary mite-box?"

"O, you can use it any way you want to—where you think it would do the most good," the modest giver explained.

"Well, I guess I'll use it for the missionary box."

"They say," added Lizzie again, "that John Olney won't put a cent in Jennie's mite box. Do you remember the time, Sadie, that we went to get some money for the Christmas entertainment, and he asked his father for five cents? I never laughed so in all my life." But Sadie, whose finer nature was begining to be touched, changed the subject and talked of everything under the sun except the Olneys, until tea time, and an hour afterwards they bade her a kind good-evening.

They had scarcely gone out when there was another knock and Virginia hastened to the door. Her soul was full of "visions out of golden youth," visions of heavy pocket-books, and hired servants and quilting parties in the big front parlor of the Olney mansion. It was, as a rule, hard for her to speak fervently about anything, and her voice was generally sharp and cold.

But now she opened the door with great trepidation, and said with all the feeling she could muster up, "Good-evening, John. Come in, John, don't mind your overshoes. Go right into the parlor. Give me your hat, John, and let me hang your coat on this pin. Take this big chair and come up to the fire. It must be a little cold out."

"Oh, a little for April."

"How is Jennie to-day? I haven't seen her for several days."

"She's well."

"How is Mrs. Olney?"

"She's well."

"I hear your mother and Jennie are going to Adena?"

"Yes, if the weather's good in the fall."

Then there was a long silence for several minutes, a very long silence. The clock ticked in the hallway very loudly. A coal fell down from the fire to the hearth, making the stillness even more intense. Jennie crossed her hands in her lap and gazed steadily into the grate. John crossed his right foot over his left knee, and then reversed the opera-

tion. He repeated this several times. Finally, he began fumbling in his pocket, and after divers excursions into its recesses he drew forth a paper which he looked at very seriously for a moment, opened it, folded it, then opened it again, and at last presented it very solemnly to Miss Virginia. She, with just a tremble of the hand, took it and read the following lines in Jennie's handwriting :

"The house is dark, Virginia,  
All dark and hopeless within ;  
The hearth is empty, Virginia,  
Empty and cold and thin.

"The world is a waste, Virginia,  
Its bitter touch is cold ;  
The future's a desert, Virginia,  
For life is growing old.

"But my heart is warm, Virginia,  
My heart is warm for thee ;  
And my love is fresh, Virginia,  
As the warm breath of the sea.

"Then come to my hearth, Virginia,  
And drive the darkness away ;  
Come then to my heart, Virginia,  
And brighten its night with thy day."

It is needless to mention the final result of the evening. Suffice it to say that Virginia accepted the proposition without reserve, and that "The Society of American Spinsters" never had another meeting. Jennie and Virginia now being on one side and Sadie and Lizzie on the other, the house divided against itself, could not but fall.

The last chapter in Miss Olney's journal describes the wedding. From what she has said there can be no doubt that it was the finest ever seen in the valley ; and she makes special mention of the fact that Lizzie Andrews gave the bride a fine silver cake stand, and Sadie Patterson a crazy-quilt in which no two patches were from the same person, and all of silk.

*William Ashenhurst Dunn.*



## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

## OPPORTUNITY.

I hastened toward the east through pleasant ways,  
I held a white rose in my hand, and turned  
Not to the right where radiant wild-flowers burned,  
Nor to the left where lay a tangled maze  
Of clover and sweet grasses; but my gaze  
Was fastened on my rose. The wild-flowers, spurned,  
Turned longingly to me, as if they yearned  
For one soft word. I gave no gentle praise,  
But kissed the rose I held—it was so fair!  
Though still the field-flowers smiled, I did not see  
For kissing of my rose. And on I pressed,  
But came upon a desert unaware.  
My white rose withered. I turned ruefully—  
The field of flowers had vanished in the west.

*Frank McDonald.*

JOHN SUTHERLAND'S FRIGHT.—“I ain't a man what would refuse to do a good turn to a poor old lone woman, specially after she's dead and gone; but if you can anyways convenient hook up and drive over to Hawleyville and get that coffin, Hank, it'll save me a heap o' trouble. There's them potatoes what can't be hauled over to the village in less than a week's hard haulin', and old Bill Tompkins, the storekeeper, says as how the good price is like to drop again a few days. It's a good day's job to drive over to Hawleyville, and I don't reckon we can get a coffin anywheres nearer than that. It would put me out powerful to lose a whole day just when I'm so busy with the 'taters. Still, if need be, I ain't a man what would refuse to do a good turn to poor old Betsey Bailey, specially when she's dead and gone.”

“Well, neighbor, if you reely orten to leave your 'taters, I'll hook up the old mare and drive over and get the buryin' box. My 'taters can lay over a day or two when it comes

to buryin' an old neighbor, specially such a one as Betsey Bailey has been these twenty year."

There was a slight tremor in the voice of Hank Morgan as he uttered the last sentence. An advance or decline in the price of potatoes, although he depended entirely on his yearly potato crop for the support of a large family, mattered little to him in the event of the death of a neighbor. To John Sutherland, the first speaker, whose broad and fertile acres each returning year augmented his already snug fortune, the death of even so good a neighbor as Betsey Bailey made little difference, so long as it involved no pecuniary loss to him. With a high estimate of his own humaneness, he was known far and wide as the last man who would lend a helping hand when misfortune befell a neighbor. The very opposite of this was Hank Morgan; a man of large sympathies and of great kindliness of disposition, as is often the case with men of his nature, he two frequently allowed himself to be influenced and led on by well intending but careless companions, greatly to his own hurt. Thus it was that he had unwittingly cultivated an appetite for drink—his one great fault—and on more than one occasion in recent years his anxious spouse had found his equilibrium sadly unstable on his return from an errand to the neighboring village.

"Now, Hank, be sure and come straight home as soon as you get the coffin, and don't stop on the way," was Mrs. Morgan's parting injunction as Hank drove out of the gate en route for Hawleyville; and he only nodded that he would and was soon lost to view behind John Sutherland's hill. An hour later found him rounding the corner where stood the village tavern, and as the merry clink of glasses and the hilarious laughter of the drinkers fell on his ear, he thought of the parting injunction of his anxious wife and urged on the lagging beast.

"That's a powerful comfortable place, that tavern," muttered Hank as he drove on. It's mighty hard to get by without taking a swig with the boys. Hope they won't see

me as I go back. I'd be sure to forget the old woman's instructions about comin' straight home."

Arrived at Hawleyville, the coffin was soon placed in the wagon-box and Hank found himself safely on the homeward road. An uneventful drive of a few hours brought him again to the village. He whipped up the horse as he neared the tavern and would have passed unmolested had not a slight accident befallen him, for as he turned the corner the horse stumbled and threw a shoe.

"Lucky that happened right here near the blacksmith shop," thought Hank, as he drew up for repairs. "There's no time like the present, and while I'm here handy I'll get that shoe on again. Hello, Mr. Skinner, can ye shoe a hoss fer me right quick?"

"Howdy, Hank, Howdy," came a chorus of voices as Hank alighted and turned the beast over to the blacksmith, "step over to the tavern and hev su'thin."

Hank thanked them heartily, but thought he hadn't time to stop; but all refusal was in vain and before he realized his situation the admonitions of his wife were completely forgotten and he was lost amid the clinking glasses and hilarious laughter. One glass followed another, with yarns and songs interspersed, until it was long after sunset when Hank, with the assistance of his too friendly companions, mounted his wagon and turned homeward. Separated from the noise and enlivenment of the tavern, the soporific influence of the too-freely-imbibed liquor soon had its effect upon him. Thus it happened that an hour later, when the faithful horse reached the Sutherland hill, Hank was sound asleep. And right here something unusual occurred. A recent rain had washed out some loose ground on one side of the road, making a deep rut in one wheel-track but leaving the other track smooth and hard. So that when the wagon reached this place it veered heavily and, the horse being startled by the sudden shock and giving a quick jerk to the vehicle, both man and coffin rolled promiscuously out of the wagon and tumbled to the ground. The faithful

beast, accustomed to the long-traveled road, being relieved of its load, quickened its homeward pace, leaving its drowsy master sleeping by the roadside in blissful ignorance.

The night wore on. Only once was the sleeper disturbed. The nocturnal chills aroused him after many hours. He raised his head drowsily, conscious only of a sense of cold, and seeing the coffin by his side lazily rolled into it and was soon sleeping soundly again.

Long before dawn John Sutherland was up and about. A hurried breakfast and he was off to the village with a heavy load of potatoes. As he arrived at the top of the hill he pulled down his cap and buttoned his coat to keep out the chilling atmosphere, and then relapsed into deep thought. He thought of Hank Morgan, and congratulated himself for the hundredth time on his shrewdness in escaping the trouble of helping at Betsey ailey's funeral. Funerals are such nuisances anyhow. And besides, what was Betsey Bailey to him? None of his kin. And yet she was a good woman and had done him many a kind turn in days gone by. But he shrugged his shoulders as he thought of the many times she had brought sympathy and cheerfulness into his home in times of sickness. And how was he repaying those kindnesses? How could he face poor old Betsey if, for instance, she should come up the road at the moment? This last thought troubled him. He was impressed with the almost oppressive quietness of his surroundings. Nothing disturbed the deathlike stillness of the far-spent night save the soft breezes whispering their mystic secrets in the sylvan shades, or the echoing hoot of a lonely owl, and the dismal rattling clank of his own overloaded wheels. Why did the image of Betsey Bailey, with wan countenance and sunken eyes, persist in coming up before his gaze, with arm extended and one long, shady finger pointed toward him? Hark! Suddenly a deep voice falls on his startled ear:

"Half the road, neighbor!"

The horses snorted furiously, and stopped so suddenly that Sutherland was brought to his feet and thrown against the dashboard with a thud. He clutched the rim of the dashboard and stood transfixed, his teeth chattering, his knees smiting together, his hair standing on end and his eyes bulging from their sockets. Straight before him, lying right across his path not two rods away, he saw in the grey dawn the unmistakable outlines of a coffin. A ghostly figure sat therein, swaying to and fro, its disheveled hair tossed by the morning breeze, its glassy eyes gleaming with dazzling brightness, its forehead shining like snow-white marble, its glistening teeth sparkling like pearls, its whole form shimmering in fantastic garishness. And when, with a ghastly grin flitting over its hideous countenance, it arose from the hidden recesses of the dingy coffin a long, lank arm, and stretched out one thin, shady finger and pointed it at him, uttering these warning words, "Half the road, neighbor!" to John Sutherland's excited imagination it seemed that Betsy Bailey had come back from the realm of shades to haunt him for his selfishness. The good price of potatoes was forgotten. With a wild shriek he seized the reins and turned the snorting horses homeward. As he did so he saw the figure spring from its grave, shoulder its coffin and start in hot pursuit. John Sutherland never topped that hill with greater speed. He stopped not for straining and heaving horses, for creaking and breaking wagon, for bushels of his precious potatoes scattering along the road, but plies the whip with unabating strength, while the surrounding hills echo and re-echo his wild and frantic yells. The barnyard gained, he stayed not to care for hoof or hide, but rushed pell-mell into the midst of his astonished family, and not a word could he find till all the doors were safely barred and all the windows fastened. Then he seized his amazed wife by the arm, dragged her to the window facing the road, and pointing with wild gesticulations at—

All Mrs. Sutherland saw was honest Hank Morgan, plodding homeward with a harmless coffin on his shoulder.

**THE STORY OF A PICKET FENCE.**—It was an ordinary picket fence which separated the two gardens, yet to Mr. Wimpily that fence was a thing of no little significance. It was a difficult thing for the widowed Wimpily to transfer his two hundred pounds from one side to the other, but he was fast realizing that an even greater obstacle was in his way when once he had clambered across the moss-grown pickets. This obstacle was none other than his son John. Now John had no trouble with the fence at all,—with a spring and a jump the palings were in the background and John was well up the garden towards the house. And the father rightly guessed that the son was having as little difficulty in reaching a certain maiden's heart as in vaulting the fence which separated her garden from their own.

It was over this fence that Wimpily the elder had made the fair stranger's acquaintance when first her family had moved into the town. He had gathered a little bunch of flowers from his own cherished garden and then, with a stately bow and a pompous speech, had begged that "Miss Danvers would accept a little tribute of neighborliness."

"If you cannot surmount obstacles you may go around them,"—this was the utterance of the portly Mr. Wimpily. The gentleman had long since ceased to climb the fence between the two properties, and had taken the more remote but safer way of going around the block and of entering by the front gate to call upon his new suburban friends.

And as Mr. Wimpily had in this wise obviated the difficulty of climbing the fence in a similar fashion, he purposed to dispose of his son John. It was rather aggravating to the elderly gentleman that after ten years of loneliness his own son should be the obstacle to prevent him from realizing his first matrimonial plans. Mr. Wimpily had made the acquaintance of the Danvers long before his son had come to know the new residents and he believed that this acquaintance, augmented by little presents and attentions and kept up by steady evening calls, manifestly to talk politics with



Mr. Danvers, would have shortly ripened into love. And it was with great disgust that thus the elder Wimply found the younger at the Danvers' as often as he himself could return from the city at a reasonably early hour. And when he saw his son there John made no pretense of talking politics, but gave plain evidence that he came to see "Lottie," as he called her, in contrast to the dignified "Miss Charlotte" of his father.

And so Mr. Wimply began to think if John's youthful attractions for a space of time could be removed from the scene his own more solid and dignified qualities would stand a better chance of winning the day. And thus the widower arranged with his business partner that John should be sent to a distant city, for a time at least, to look after a portion of their interests there. As son, Mr. John might have offered resistance, but as employee he had no choice but obey.

One evening still remained before John was to depart, and in the meantime Mr. Wimply determined that of vigilance on his part there should be no lack. So, when the younger descended from his stool at an early hour and said he must go home and pack his things, the elder left his revolving-chair and decided to leave the city by the same train. The two walked together from the station and together entered their home, each with a suspicious eye upon the other, but neither with a word on the subject nearest to their hearts.

Mr. Wimply saw his son safely in his room and then retired to his own apartment to prepare for an afternoon call. "Aha! ahem!" was his ejaculation as in the process of his dressing he looked from the window and saw the long-legged form of his son lightly springing across the fence. Usually Mr. Wimply would have been proud of the tall, fine appearance which his son presented, but to-day, somehow or other, this glimpse made him nervous. He fumbled the various buttons of his garments with trembling fingers and his excitement increased, as with another glance from the window he saw his son lead the fair maiden from the



house to a rustic seat in the garden. Manifestly, no time was to be lost. Mr. Wimply's better attire was hurriedly arranged and hastily he ran down the stairs, nearly colliding, as he descended, with his faithful housekeeper, Jane Andrews.

"Mercy on us!" was Jane's exclamation as she recovered from the shock and hurried to the kitchen window, from which Mr. Wimply could be seen running down the long path leading to the rear fence, "if he isn't a'climbing over to see that young person again! Who ever saw anything like these men? Here am I who has watched over him and kept house for him for ten years and yet he wants to marry a young person like that!"

For a few moments further words were beyond Jane's utterance at the thought of Mr. Wimply's ungrateful conduct. Finally, however, her feelings gave vent to a shrill and piercing laugh. "There, if he ain't in a trap now! As sure as I'm a'living, one of his feet is stuck between the pickets, and he's a'sprawling on the ground."

The accident had happened virtually as Mrs. Andrews had described. Mr. Wimply had started to climb the fence very gingerly in his new black clothes with the result that, while one foot caught between the pickets, his body fell headlong, and as the fence was not very high, he lay struggling at nearly full length upon the Danvers side.

"Ah, Jane, that is it," said Mr. Wimply from his recumbent position as his housekeeper with a disdainful smile approached, "help me down, if you please."

But Jane stood with arms akimbo and made no motion to assist the unfortunate Wimply. "Why do you not do as I say?" he asked, still continuing his struggles for release, but cautiously lest the couple further up the garden should hear. And then as he realized what in his absence might be occurring on that rustic settee, this time very red in the face, he cried, "Jane, Jane, don't you see he is over there? He may be proposing to her this instant!"

"To that young person—what of it? he's old enough," said Jane. "And what is more, Archibald Whimply," she added tartly, "he is not too old."

Had Mrs. Andrews been in a position to observe it, Mr. Wimpely might have been seen to wince at this remark, and he vainly strove for his usual composure and dignity of utterance as he said "I have important reasons for wishing to speak to my son at once, Mrs. Andrews—pull my foot out."

"Wanter see John? I'll call him," said Mrs. Andrews, stepping from behind the clump of bushes which, fortunately for Mr. Wimpely, had so far screened him from the pair further up the garden.

"Stop, hush!" cried Mr. Wimpely in alarm, "Don't let her see me—Jane, help me down at once or leave my employ forever."

"Leave your employ! I'd be likely to be a staying here when you brought that young person to the house," said Mrs. Andrews with additional bitterness.

"Whatever happens to her, you leave my house this day," said Mr. Wimpely, terribly in anger but in a weaker tone.

"Humph," said Jane contemptuously, "you'd be glad to get me back. Do you think that your wife or that your daughter-in-law could make your biscuits or mend your clothes like I can, Mr. Whimply?"

Mr. Whimply's only reply was a groan, and his housekeeper, who usually had his welfare at heart, fearing to let him remain in this uncomfortable position longer, laid a hand on the imprisoned ankle and said, "Archibald Wimpely, if I'll let you down you've got to say you won't trouble Mr. John, not this afternoon nor till he goes."

For some moments the unfortunate gentleman's only reply was to struggle once more for his own release. Then, this failing, for an instant there was silence, followed at length by a feeble "I promise." Jane with some difficulty lifted the ankle from between the pickets, and Mr. Wimpely lay exhausted on the ground. Soon, however, with breath

recovered, declining Jane's proffered assistance, this time more safely he again climbed across to his own side of the fence.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Summer was over, Fall and Winter passed, and one evening in the Spring Mr. Wimpely might have been seen at a spot where months before a memorable event had occurred. But strange to say, at that part of the fence a gate now swung upon its hinges, while through the gate from one house to the other ran a well-worn path. And the footprints in the soft, springy ground were not all those of Mr. Wimpely or of his son, but some were smaller, and it looked as though their owner must have worn high-heeled shoes.

Perhaps it was a feeling of jealousy which came over him or perhaps it was regret, that when John had provided a new housekeeper, Jane had been dismissed; but at any rate Mr. Wimpely's face was sad, and as he laid his hand upon the gate he said in a mournful tone, "Would that this had been here then!"

*Edward James Potterson.*

**HOW I LOST MY CHUM.**—I was sitting before the fire late one evening, trying hard to interest myself in the ins and outs of Herbert Spencer; but I found it hard work, for my thoughts kept wandering away from abstract theories of biology, psychology, and other "ologies," and amused themselves by constructing vapory castles out of the wreaths of smoke that curled and circled from my pipe.

I thought of the good old college days, alas! gone forever; then of my work at the medical school, from which I would soon graduate a full-fledged M. D. I even thought of the plate that I could put on my door. It would be a silver plate with neatly engraved letters upon it. "Dr. Samuel Morton Cook" would look very neat, I felt sure,

and as for patients, oh, of course they'd all flock to me to get cured when they would see that door-plate and my name.

I looked up at the clock and saw that it was half-past one, and thought it was strange that Frank didn't come in.

Franklin Steel was my room-mate. We had been chums at college, and when we came to the city—he to study law and I medicine—we naturally rented apartments and lived together, just as happily as we used to in college times.

I was just falling off into a doze when the door opened and Frank entered.

"Hello, there, old man, what's kept you so late?" I asked.

"O, nothing much," he answered.

Taking off his coat and hat, then lighting a cigarette, he pulled a chair up to the fire and sat down.

His face was an interesting study as he sat beside me silently puffing away at his cigarette and gazing into the fire, and I could easily tell by its expression that something had happened which had disturbed his usual equanimity.

Presently he looked up from the crackling coals of the fire, and leaned confidentially toward me.

"Say, Sam, would you do me a great favor, that would oblige me awfully?"

"Why cert, old man; anything you want," I answered.

"Well, kindly kick me, will you?"

"No objection if you really wish it; but what's the row?"

"Oh, I've gone and made a confounded ass of myself. Fallen in love, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Whew!"

"Sam, don't tell a soul about it, and I'll give you the whole story. You won't, will you?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, you've heard of that new French play at Daly's, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, Harris and I took it in last night. The play itself was a pretty tame sort of an affair, but there was a little beauty that appeared in the second and third acts that was really an angel on earth. Oh, Sam, she was just out of sight, and I fell head and heels in love with her. She didn't have a very prominent part—only a lady's maid—but act! why, it was just divine. When the curtain went down on the last scene, it seemed to darken my whole existence, and as I left the theatre I felt the full force of the statement 'That love was the only thing worth living for.'"

Here I smiled behind my pipe, for Frank was the last person I would suspect of being influenced by the tender passion.

"But all the same," he continued, "I made up my mind that I would see her to-night, and so this morning I purchased an orchestra seat and was on hand promptly when the doors opened this evening.

"There was one scene that drove me almost wild. A sort of a grove, you know, and a little cottage, where the prince, disguised as a wood-chopper, lived. But everything was rather slow until she appeared, peeping from behind a tree and listening to the prince and his sweetheart as they talked.

"Oh, it was just great to see how her eyes danced so roguishly as she would put her fingers up to her lips and plan how she would give her mistress away to the folks at the castle for making love to a wood-cutter.

"When the play was over I felt that I could not go away without seeing her again, so I rushed out to the stage door to wait for her appearance. Whew! how cold it was standing there on the sidewalk. The wind whistled down the street and the pavement was as slippery as glass.

"Presently the players came out one by one and passed away, but I was kept there shivering in the cold for nearly an hour, until at last she appeared. She passed quickly down the street and I after her, for I hadn't the nerve to catch up and address her, and so we went on until she turned down Fifteenth street. The street was deserted and

one could hear nothing except the sound of the wind howling around the corners and in and out between the houses.

"I began to think that this game of 'follow the leader' had gone on about long enough, and I hastened my footsteps, determined to accost her. On the way I had concocted a plausible scheme—I was going to mistake her for a lady I knew, and I thought that I'd at least find out what sort of a girl she was before she could convince me that I was mistaken.

"We were just passing under the glare of an electric light. I was just behind her and had screwed up my courage almost to the speaking point, when there was a slight scream and I almost plunged headlong over her prostrate body.

"She had slipped and fallen on the icy pavement, and you may just bet I seized the opportunity."

"And her, too," I suggested.

"Oh pshaw, Sam, I'm telling this."

"I quickly doffed my hat and asked her if I could render any assistance.

"She faltered out, 'I don't know. I think I've sprained my ankle, I can't get up. Couldn't you call a policeman?'

"I told her that I didn't think a policeman would prove an acquisition, and then I leaned over and with some protests on her part lifted her up as carefully as I could and carried her over to some stone steps."

"Oh, Frank."

"Don't guy me, Sam. I couldn't help it; why you'd have done the same thing if you were there."

"No, doubt."

"My, but I did want to kiss her as she was sitting there on the steps. I didn't, but it was hard work to refrain, she did look just divine as the waving branches of the old locust trees along the curb chased lights and shadows across her face."

"Don't wax poetic, Frank."

"Can't help it, old man; Euclid himself would have dropped geometry and have turned to poetry if he'd been in my fix. But as I was saying, I didn't kiss her, but taking off my great-coat wrapped it around her and rushed off to find a coupé.

"It took me the deuce of a time, but at last I found a cabby driving down the avenue, throwing his arms across his breast in his efforts to keep from freezing. I yelled at him, and after arguing for some time on the subject—he said 'it was too durn cold fur no man to be out'—I persuaded him to take one more trip with the prospect of a good bonus at the end.

"Returning with the coupé to the place where I had left the girl, I found her shivering like an aspen leaf. The cabby and I placed her in the carriage and we drove off to the address she gave us. She lived away over on the East side, in a tenement house,—just the last place I would think an actress would live. The cabby and I helped her up three flights of stairs to her rooms. She lived in two little rooms with her mother, who seemed to be an invalid.

"Her mother was frightened out of her wits when she saw her daughter half carried in by two strangers and I escaped during the excitement, but not without a glance of gratitude from her I can tell you. The cabby went for a doctor and I came home."

"Umph! quite an an adventure," I said; "but you'd better come to bed and sleep the effects off."

"Guess I'll smoke another cigarette first. Good-night!"

During the following two months I was kept quite busy preparing for my final examinations and did not see as much of my room-mate as usual. I noticed, however, that there was something the matter with him but did not connect it in any way with his little theatrical episode, and I didn't invite his confidence; preferring, rather, to have him tell me unsolicited.

One evening shortly after I had retired I heard Frank enter the sitting-room, and soon he cried in a cheery voice: 'Hello, Sam, are you asleep?'



He came into my bed-room and sitting down on the edge of the bed, told me that he was engaged and he wanted me to be best man at the wedding.

To say the least I was startled and felt quite a little hurt, for I had not expected anything of the kind and had always, somehow, connected Frank with all my dreams of the future and felt that I had a sort of a proprietary interest in him, and did not like the introduction of a third party.

It seems that on the day after his adventure he could not calm his nerves, but felt impelled by some strange force to visit the poor quarters of his heroine and inquire as to the extent of her injury.

He argued with himself long and earnestly, wavering between inclination and duty. He knew that he ought to drop the matter at once and not try to further an acquaintanceship which could only tend to increase his infatuation and end—he knew not where.

He tried to force her image from his mind; to concentrate his attention on other matters, but he could not, so putting on his overcoat he started from his office, determined to go only as far as her house, hoping that possibly he might see her face at the window.

The darkness of the night before had kindly veiled the equalor of the neighborhood with deep shadows, but now the light of day only served to increase the dismal prospect of the street. The heat of the sun had converted the icy pavement of the night into a slimy mass of slush, and the melting snow from the roofs of the tall tenement-houses dripped down upon the heads of the passersby.

Frank Steel looked down the dismal street and at the dirty children playing in the slush, and wondered how any good thing could come out of such an environment.

He was just turning away in disgust when he heard the cheery voice of an old friend—Dr. Tweed.

"Why Frank Steel, what in the world are you doing down here?"

"Oh just—just a little matter of business, doctor."

"Business? why who'd have thought that you of all men would have had any business cares? Going my way? That's right."

"Pretty poor part of town this, doctor."

"Yes, you're right. Lots of sad, sad affairs here every day that the outside world never hear of."

"For instance—I just now came from a scene almost approaching desolation. Pretty girl and invalid mother. Girl supports mother by acting in a theatrical company. Last night I was called out of bed by a cabman—girl had sprained her ankle. Had very little money—will lose her situation, I presume, and the result is a pretty bad state of affairs."

Frank was listening eagerly, and the doctor continued, "Strange case, that. The family used to live somewhere up in Rhode Island. The father was a rich man, named Lamont, but lost all in a crash and died, leaving wife and daughter. They came to the city to get work; mother falls ill; girl is forced by circumstances to turn actress, though much against her will; and here they are now in a pretty pickle."

"What part of Rhode Island do they come from?" asked Frank in a strained voice.

"From a little place called Leedsport, I think. Why, what the deuce? Where are you going? Umph, that young fellow must be crazy," said the doctor musingly, as he gazed after the fast retreating form of his friend speeding down the street.

As for Frank, his head was in a whirl, for the revelations that the doctor had made to him had recalled scenes that had lain dormant for years.

He recalled happy days, years before, when he was a boy spending the summer at the home of his grandfather in the sleepy old village of Leedsport. The visions of many happy hours spent playing with his little neighbor, Lucile, who lived right across the road, danced before his eyes. He remembered the kindly face of her father, Judge Lamont,

and the sweetmeats that her mother used to give them when they would play "housekeeping" in the arbor under the big chestnut tree near the brook that gurgled and rippled along the foot of the lawn.

He recalled it all—how, after they had finished their little meal, he would carry the slender stock of dishes to the banks of the brook and watch her as she would wash them in the running water and lay them on the grass to dry. Then they would sit in the arbor and build castles in the air; he was to study hard and become a great man, and she was to get her mamma to teach her how to keep real house, and to sew, and to play the big piano in the parlor, and whole lots of things; then he was to come back to her and they would get married in the quaint ole village church and live happy ever afterwards. Then while they were weaving the ideal woof of their future they would hear the sweet tones of the supper bell call them, but before they left the arbor he would take her little dimpled hand in his and they would seal their contract with a child-like kiss of trust and love.

Well, they were married to-day.

I have just returned from the wharf, where I saw them begin their journey on the great sea of wedded life by a trip abroad on a trans-Atlantic steamer. Mrs. Lamont was with them. She was going to try to regain her shattered health by a sojourn in sunny Italy.

I am left alone; and am sitting before my fire, smoking and trying to drown my sense of loneliness in the dreams and fancies which deck the leaves of my favorite book, "The Reveries of a Bachelor."

*J. McGill White.*

### PRISCILLA.

In the old drawing-room, o'er the broad chimney-place,  
A painting is hung in a tarnished gilt frame  
Of a maid with blue eyes, with a sad, pensive face,—  
'Tis the maid with the old-fashioned Puritan name.

As she peeps from her cap in her shy, pretty way,  
When so quaintly she's dressed in her kerchief and gown,  
What a pity, I think, that she lived in the day  
When a kiss was against the blue laws of the town.

And can naught bring a smile to that face sad and cold?  
Must her glances thus pensive forever remain?  
Ah!—to-day from the garret a spinning-wheel old  
Has been placed in the parlor beneath the old frame;

And to-night as I sat in the dim-lighted room,  
From her background she seemed for a moment to steal,  
And a song and a smile robbed her face of its gloom  
As the treadle she trod of her old spinning-wheel.

*Edward James Patterson.*

LUGI.—Yes, he was left, there was no way of getting out of that. It was hard luck, there was no denying it, and the only thing for him to do was to walk all the way back to the headquarters of the gang, and Lugi sighed as he thought of the nine long miles that lay between him and a good meal and bed. But the idea of camping out in the woods all night, supperless, was not very pleasant, so he must pick up his dinner-pail and set out.

These were the thoughts that came surging through the brain of a swarthy little Italian who was sitting on a pile of ties just outside a great railroad cut. He was a member of the track gang which had been working all day in the cut, and the work-train had moved away with the rest of the gang aboard while he was hunting for his dinner-pail which had been pushed during the day under a pile of leaves. He had last seen the train rounding the curve, with the engineer putting on a full head of steam to keep ahead of the express soon due.

The little Italian's name was Lugi, or at least that was what his comrades called him.

He was down in the railroad books as number 227, and anyway it didn't matter much what his name was here in America.

Picking up his dinner-pail Lugi set out on his long tramp, wearily dragging his heavy boots along and listening to the melancholy crunch that they made in the ballast at each step.

Soon the outline of the trees along the track became dimmer and dimmer in the twilight. The robins and the cat-birds went to sleep in their nests, and the owls began to screech in the branches and the frogs to croak in the swamps near by.

Lugi felt lonely and not a little awed until one by one the stars shone out. It seemed to his uncultured mind that they appeared just to cheer and brighten his way, and he thought that somehow there was something sympathetic in their twinkle.

They reminded him of the starlit skies of his own native Italy—far across the great sea.

A smile came stealing over his brown face as he thought of a certain little cottage at home, and the two loved ones it sheltered. The picture of his dear wife and the little one whom he had not yet seen came dancing before his eyes.

How clearly everything came back to him. His long wooing, his happiness when Lucia, the belle of the village, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks had whispered that one little word, "Yes." The wedding in the village chapel, the blessing of the kind old padre. How happy he was when he led his wife to the little cottage nestled among the flowers, their home. Then the long, hard season that followed, when markets and crops both failed, and the gaunt and terrible wolf came so near the door. How one day, when the prospect looked dark and dreary, the padrone came with such glorious tales of the land where gold was to be had for the asking, and with heart and mind enflamed with hope he had signed the hateful contract. Then came the parting. How hard it was! and the little Italian stopped a moment to dash away the tears that blinded his eyes.

It took so long for him to earn enough money to take back with him, and he did so much want to clasp his little wife to his heart and gaze on the face of their child, who was born while the ship was bearing its father away toward the setting sun.

It grew darker and darker as Lugi marched on, and he was growing very tired.

At last he saw in the distance a glimmering light. Wondering what it could mean, he hastened his pace until he approached near enough to recognize a little shed standing by the track, which had been built years before for a tool-house and soon afterward abandoned.

The waves of light came dancing out the door and through the window, and there were evidently some persons inside, for he could hear gruff voices.

Creeping up to the window, he listened. The first words were familiar ones, for he had often heard the "boss" of the gang say them in much the same tone of voice—"Give us a chaw of terbacker, Bill, will yer, afore we talk business?"

Evidently, the request was granted for the next words were: "Well, dat tastes sum'un like it; now ter work."

Then another voice was heard—"Say, Jim, we've gotter find out what we're a going ter do wid de kid afore we go no furdur; see? We got der old bloke now where de hair's short an' he'll have ter ante up a darn big pile er chips afore he's goin' ter git his kid back. But ther question is what'er we a goin' ter do wid de kid while we're awaitin' fur de snack?"

"Dat's jist what's a troublin' me, Bill. I dunno whatter do. Bet de old cuss's some mad jist now, when he finds he hain't got no kid. P'raps he hain't sorry he ever fired us! It'd a paid him a sight better ter let we'uns stay; hay, old boy?" and he gave his partner a rousing slap on the back by way of emphasis.

This awakened a little baby, who was lying in the corner, wrapped up in the coats of the two speakers, and a well-

developed wail from the infant was the answer to Jim's exclamation.

"Shut up, you brat," Bill cried, but the baby never paid a bit of attention to the command and went on turning out shriek after shriek and wail after wail, as only a big, fat baby, blessed with a good pair of lungs, can.

Bill rushed over to the little one's side, and picking it up gave it a thorough shaking, but the baby, now as mad as it could be, kept on turning out the finished article in the way of heart-rending, ear-splitting yells.

"Rats, Bill, give it ter me! You don't know nothin' 'bout tendin' a kid," and Lugi peering through the window saw Jim take the little one from Bill's rough hands and march up and down the room swinging it from side to side as a farmer swings his scythe.

"Good little kid; pretty little feller. Be good now and mind its own lovin' Poppy. Hush! hush! it's Poppy 'll sing ter it."

Then in a lugubrious, half-minor key these words were wafted out the window to Lugi's listening ears:

"Hush a by a babby,  
Hush a by a babby,  
Poppy's a gone a huntin',  
Ter fetch a little rabbit akin  
Ter wrap Babby Buntin' in."

This was ground out again and again, until at last the baby stopped its crying and nestled up to Jim's brawny chest for a good nap.

Laying the little one down on the coats, Jim turned with a triumphant air toward Bill, saying: "See? Dat's der way ter do it. Yer wants ter be gentle like wid brats. Hain't nothin' like havin' 'sperience in dat line, Jim. It's ther Poppy racket dat works every time. See?"

All this time Lugi was slowly getting through his head the idea that everything was not just as it should be, and



suddenly he said to himself: "Ah! I seea. Dey steala de chile."

Then thinking of his own little one in far-off Itlay and of the grief of its mother if anything should happen to it, he felt himself full of a strange courage and continued: "Ah! I fixa dat." Slowly retreating from the window he quietly picked up several large pieces of slag, and silently offering up a prayer to his guardian saint and to the Virgin to watch over his loved ones if anything should happen to him, he prepared to outwit the two kidnappers.

In quick succession he threw the great pieces of slag against the side of the frail shanty and yelled in his loudest voice, as if to a party in the rear, "Coma! Coma! We gotta dem! We gotta dem."

The kidnappers, thoroughly frightened and dazed by the novel and unexpected attack, thinking that a whole band of rescuers was at hand, rushed through the door and out into the darkness, never stopping to look backward.

Like a flash Lugi leaped through the window, seized the child, coats and all, was out again and into the woods before the thieves could collect their frightened wits and return.

Blindly rushing on through the darkness, carefully shielding the child from the overhanging branches of the trees, and the briars and brambles growing up underfoot, Lugi ran on and on until at last he reached the railroad on the other side of the shanty and out of reach of the robbers. As he marched down the track toward the town still several miles away, the babe nestled against his breast, slept peacefully, and gradually the thoughts of the little Italian drifted away from the present and he saw in the face of the sleeping child the countenance of his own little one.

The sun was just beginning to tinge the horizon as the special train of President Walker, of the Centre Valley Railroad, dashed through the little town of Wyckoff and on through the waste lands beyond. The face of Mr.

Walker was sad that morning, for on the day before his only child had been kidnapped and he was now following up the traces of the thieves, but with little hope of success. The three detectives who were with him tried to cheer him up by speaking only of the hopeful side of the outlook.

The train began to slow up, finally stopped and then backed to the place where there lay a man by the side of the track.

The man had signalled the engineer to stop, and Mr. Walker with the detectives got off to see what caused the detention. It was Lugi and the president's baby.

Slipping in the darkness he had sprained his ankle, and had lain helpless beside the track for several hours. The babe was sleeping by his side, wrapped up in the coats of the kidnappers.

A few weeks later, one of the great trans-Atlantic steamers was leaving the harbor of New York on her outward voyage.

As she steamed through the Narrows and out to sea, all the passengers except one were looking backward to catch a last glimpse of the fast-receding city.

All except one; he was standing near the bow, looking eastward.

With more money in his pocket than he had ever dreamed of before, the reward of his bravery, and with a glad light in his dark eyes he was gazing across the waters toward the place where the blue waves of the Mediterranean lap Italy's sunny shores. And the sunlit clouds on the distant horizon fashioned themselves into the forms of his loved ones as they seemed to beckon him onward toward home.

*Needham.*

## PARTS OF SPEECH.

Their compliments flow freely,  
And only I am dumb,  
With never a choice-culled adjective  
To add to the busy hum.  
For my parts of speech have vanished,  
And strange as it may be,  
One pronoun's all that's left me—  
She's just "herself" to me.

C. B. N.

## EDITORIAL.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the April LIT. will be due Wednesday, April 5th, 1893.

## PRINCETON'S CLUB LIFE.

THE recent increase in the number and popularity of clubs which shall include more than the bare necessities of the eating club has given rise to some questions which should not be carelessly laid aside. As to whether the establishment of clubs is, on the whole, a most beneficial step and a welcome addendum to the sum of undergraduate happiness, we think there cannot be much demur. After a two-years course in the gustatory curriculum provided for underclassmen by the faculty of landladies, we become fully prepared for an existence which shall not be hampered by the bounds of a single room—soaked in the aroma of a thousand meals—and which shall savor of something more than the fellowship of the board. Even without this thorough preparation we could not but find this club life, with its good fellowship by the open fire, its comfortable after-dinner lounge over a paper or a book, its exciting pool tournament or its game of whist—we could not but find this something added to the blissful meed which our Alma Mater, all grumblers to the contrary—is so lavish in holding to our lips.

But when we come to a second question and inquire whether there is not a possibility, or even a danger, of carrying club life to excess, we think no one will be so hardy as to deny that there undoubtedly is such a dangerous possibility. The moment club life begins to absorb college life and to cease from being simply a bright feature of it, club life is trespassing beyond its bounds and menaces what it should cherish. The good old Princeton life we are all so

proud of, that we love to expatiate upon to our friends—often to their great mystification, for what can an outsider understand of such things?—this good old life has its home in the dormitories, in our rooms; they, after all, are the centres and heart-seats of the Princeton spirit, and if they become deserted for the club-house, then good-bye democracy and welcome plutocracy. We do not wish to be unreasonable. That there should be club spirit and, perhaps, club politics, is, to a great extent, inevitable. Only, brothers of the clubs, do not let them absorb all your thoughts and leisure. Better men than you are often without the club walls; you must suppress any inward sprout of arrogance. Friendships there are worth cultivating besides those of your clubmates'. Your house may be fine and your fare sumptuous, but in other years will that be the brightest spot in your memory or the dear old room you have come to desert of late? Why, to most of you club life, to which this is an antetype, spreads out as a life-long possession, but the spirit of the campus—well, you are upper classmen and you are beginning to realize how soon that will be gone!

And so while one would not detract for a moment from the advantages of the clubs, we beg all of you, members and prospective, never to lose your perspective, never to reverse your mottoes, but to let it always be "For your College, your Class and your Club!"

"THERE BE SOME SPORTS ARE PAINFUL."

**A**LTHOUGH all remarks which have to do with pointing out the unapproachable insight of William Shakespeare into all things human must bear the wrinkled aspect of well-seasoned unoriginality, yet we cannot forbear from playing this unenviable rôle for once, and from calling our readers to ponder upon the consummate prevision of Avon's Bard, when, looking across an ocean, literal and temporal, he gave utterance in the single sentence quoted above, to a truth which

has lately forced itself with large unpleasantness upon the faculty and gentlemen of Princeton College! When we awoke to find ourselves famous—in the town—for paint; when we came to realize as never before the ugliness of green paint (especially as associated with the geological formations utilized in pavements, etc.,) and the puerility of those who amuse themselves therewith; when we found that other sentiments than the æsthetic had been outraged; and when—but there is no use of further enumeration—when all this came to us not many weeks since we, the faculty and gentlemen of Princeton, had a most inexpressable feeling—but Shakespeare has epitomized it for us—aye, “there be some sports are painful” to all the better feelings of our manhood. Charity bids us believe they were thoughtless—and we feel that charity has made a very lame defense of her client.

“Oh might some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel’s as ithers see us,”

sang Burns, and if the perpetrators of this thoughtlessness could but invoke the same power and could feel for a moment the concentrated blaze of contempt which such actions call forth in the minds of many, even when they are quite silent in the matter, their tardy reflection might be assisted, and the formation of such unenviable reflections in the mirror of public sentiment prevented.

#### VESPER SERVICE.

**WE WELCOME** a tendency to return to the old order of service for Sunday afternoons. While the change made was with the intention of helping Dr. Purvis’ evening preaching, we venture to think that on account of the slight alteration in time this did not materially affect that service, whose popularity is not likely to be lessened or increased by a difference of ten minutes, while it did

lessen for many the attraction of one of the most attractive services which we have. To eliminate the short talk from our vesper service is to leave it without a kernel and to bring it, if we may be pardoned the comparison, too near the level of morning chapel. Such brief talks as we were accustomed to hear took scarcely more time than a long Scripture reading and often did more good than the longer morning sermon, whose moral is apt to slip by ears made inattentive by its length. Besides this, the time of Sunday afternoon chapel is an auspicious one; the cares even of college life are further away than at any other time; the peace of day-fall settles on all hearts, and the music of some dear old hymn hushes the harsher voices of our clashing interests. Then, if ever, when the organ notes have died, when the light from the great chandelier floods the place, or when a little later the sunlight streams in silently, a word fitly spoken will be in a true sense a benediction, and will do what eloquence and fervor at other times might fail to do.

Few of us indeed do not love this time, and would not have it all that it can be made to us.

#### THE YALE-PRINCETON DEBATE.

AN event so important as the inaugural debate between Princeton and her old friendly rival, which took place on the 15th inst., cannot pass without a word of comment from the LIT. Although not carrying out fully the suggestions embodied in an editorial early in the year, yet substantially we see in this first inter-collegiate debate the consummation of the hopes not only of the LIT. but of all friends of the college, and of her halls. Never has a practical experiment been carried through with such immediate success and so little friction. The debate was in every way a triumph for its advocates, and was its own vindication to all objectors.



The audience was large and enthusiastic, and was rewarded by a contest of graceful speaking and sharp debating, which will be but the first, we hope, of a long line of successors.

That everything should be beyond improvement was not to be expected. Two things are needful to perfect a coming series of debates, namely, some sort of decision and a more public location. The former would vastly increase general interest, stimulate rivalry, and prevent the contests from lagging. The latter would bring this new and most creditable phase of inter-collegiate battle before the public, and do much to quell the cry of the superficial observer against educational degeneracy. Any one hearing the First Yale-Princeton Debate would be comfortably relieved of his fears as to the absorption of everything intellectual in college by everything athletic.

We have no doubt that time will remedy these defects, and, in the meanwhile, we congratulate, first of all, the societies of Yale and Princeton for having brought about something so beneficial to themselves and to their respective institutions; secondly, their representatives for the general good management of the details; and, finally, the debaters themselves for the excellent standard set by them for years to come.

Next year, gentlemen of Yale, we hope to meet you on your home grounds.

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WHEREAS, Once again our ranks have been broken, and the voice of our much beloved classmate, Doctor William J. Gibson, will answer our roll call no more ; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we, his comrades in Princeton College, Class of 1880, tender his wife and family our sincerest sympathy in their sorrow, knowing, in part, their loss ; yet knowing, too, that they have the comfort which shines forth from a life filled with generous impulses, enforced with rare faithfulness. Time could not increase the merit of his work or aim. Gentle, yet firm, he had won our respect and affection during his college life ; while his short but successful professional career had, even more fully, manifested his sterling qualities. Ever loving simplicity and truth, he has passed through the world, and upon all whom he met fell the influence of a noble life, like a benediction ; and,

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be transmitted to his family, and that they be published in *The Princetonian*, *THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE* and *The Medical News*.

JAMES H. McCONKEY,  
ARTHUR AMES BLISS,  
WILLIAM M. PADEN,  
JAMES D. PAXTON,  
SAMUEL EVANS MAIRES,  
GEORGE M. HENDERSON,  
GEORGE A. DUNNING,  
ALFRED R. WIGGAN.

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## GOSSIP.

"Mother may I go out to swim?"

"Oh yes, my little man,

Take your bathing-suit and your overcoat,

And macintosh and fan."

—*Inscription left by an Assyrian Weather Prophet.*

Far, far, far, are the skies of the east at sunset,  
Near, bright, gold, is the gleam of the gloried west;  
Warm, sweet, warm, is the eastern glow at sunrise;  
West, east, dawn, or eve, or the night, is best?

—*Perpetrations of Slurry.*

THE great spring concerts of the Glee Club in Philadelphia and New York are more and more gorgeous every year. Next to the crowd at a championship game, the audiences at these two exhibits are the greatest sights of the season for the undergraduate. The fortunate youth who has the luck to be on one of the clubs or the chorus gives a huge, stifled gasp as he comes out from the wings at the Academy, crosses the broad stage and falls into his place. The blaze of lights, the long swing of our colors, draped and festooned in graceful decorations, alone, would make what the newspapers call "a brilliant spectacle."

But it is the crowd, the people, that cause the nervous singer's knees to grow too intimate. That great, gently surging mass of faces, old, young, beautiful, grave, lonely, gay, every possible variety of face, all merged into an impression of light, color and motion, filling the immense place from top to bottom—that is what gives one most of his sensation of inadequacy. Down in front and a little way back you can tell people apart, but in the centre of the auditorium everything is fused in the mass. The people in the boxes are close enough to be clear and it is toward them that flirtatious tenors direct their eyes. There are pretty girls, beautiful dresses and pleased alumni everywhere. The atmosphere is filled with the scent of flowers and enthusiasm. An unalloyed delight to the chorite—if he does not have to come back on the Owl.

I often wonder whether the remembrance of trips on the Owl will ever come back to us in the after years, otherwise than as a seething regret. The murky dimness, the dingy people, the feeble lamps are enough to produce melancholia in the stoutest intellect. Then there is a drowsiness comes over you; you are too uncomfortable to even doze, and relapse into a dreadful species of haziness. If you come up from Philadelphia a lot of giddy underclassmen get on at Trenton, who help each other off the train at the Junction, and carry purloined signs with laborious pride. If you come down from New York you generally have a pleasant accompaniment in the way of a choice assortment of toughs, whom the

metropolis has grown too hot to hold, and are, consequently, going to Trenton. The gossip came down on that benighted train the other night, with seven other unfortunates, on their way back to Princeton. On our car there was a rather decrepit theatrical troupe, the members of which drank freely and largely, and conversed professionally all the way; six complete drunks and the usual quota of seedy gents, with hats pulled low over foggy eyes. In the seat across the aisle from mine were two young gentlemen from the city, who were, evidently, of light and playful dispositions. They were mottle-faced young men of the blue-shirt, red-collar-button, clipped-head, pink-neck variety. They wore slouch hats and chewed fluently. One of them had one of those exceedingly musical instruments called mouth-organs. They both played it with equal cleverness. One would sing and the other would play. Then the other would sing and the one would play. This gave an entertaining variety of tone to their little efforts, and to give still more variety, they eschewed approximation to the same key. Their *repertoire* included "Annie Laurie" and "Ta-ra-ra"; when they exhausted these they exhausted the car by going over them again. This pleasing performance lasted from Jersey City to the Junction. We got down at this latter fancy suburb and found a condescending, but not truckling, livery gentleman awaiting us with a feeble imitation of a wagonette.

We rolled away with merry song, to show that our spirits could revive after any torture; never heeding the howling wind without, the great lurches of the vehicle in slush and mire, and forgetting our sleepiness and discomfort in the great joy of being near the end of it.

Suddenly there was a jerk, a snap and a crash, and a loud clatter of hoof-beats rapidly dying away in the distance. Then came some blank verse from the front seat and we found ourselves deserted. Mr. Marjoram had departed to follow his athletic young horses, who had kicked loose and left us stranded half a mile the other side of the enterprising city of Penn's Neck. After consultation we decided that the only course to follow was one of action, namely, to walk in. When I say "walk" I mean to express what we did for two hours and a half following the evacuation of the wagonette. It was a real Princeton spring evening, black as a 'varsity darkey, the wind blowing two thousand knots (to be marine) an hour, and great clots of weather rising constantly. We plowed through sloughs two feet deep, slid from ice-ledges into mud-holes, climbed along slush-covered banks of ditches, tumbled into gutters, ran into barbed-wire fences, waded amateur lakes—all of us in light boots and evening clothes. The crowning anguish was reached when we struck (literally) the edge of town, and worn, bruised, tired and heart-sore, climbed up the railroad track. There was a nice boy along, whom I will call the Good Boy. It is nice to be good, but it is sad to be too good. The Good Boy's good nature had been wasting away, and when we reached the track he seemed to be in a dangerous mood. He carried, beside a weight of woe, mud and burrs, a heavy dress-suit case.

We had walked but a few steps on the track when the Good Boy stepped into a cow-trap, tripped on the bars and fell with a mighty thud, tearing his clothes, barking his shins and bumping his nose. I half closed my ears, expecting to hear some dreadful blasphemy, some awful outburst of wrath. The Good Boy contemplated the wreck he was for a moment and then said, "Doggone." It was the most pathetic thing, the most touching I ever heard.

The great question with the Seniors is, "What are you going to do next year?" and is often introspective. The Western man asks himself if it is possible that time and sequestration will ever make him an uninterested alumnus. He would prefer to live East if that is a possible fate. "Where to live" and "how to live" are the problems before us. The papers have it that every fresh graduate starts with the idea that he is going to set the world on fire. This is scant justice to the practical and respectably modest side of the typical college man's character. We may *determine* to inflame the universe, but that is a good thing to resolve. Some of us may—nay, most of us will be successful, and all of us will try our best to be. How a class scatters itself, in a few years, over the face of the earth! For most of us the question of "where to live" will be answered by the answer of "how to live." But, be it purple East or golden West, whatever place shall boast a Princeton man of the class of '93, that place shall have the Gossip's congratulations, he being (as one may see by this fairly confident statement) a true patriot, and one of those sanest of individuals, a Princetonomaniac.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT IS a well-founded conclusion, long since agreed upon by students of human nature, that the average man doesn't care to exercise his brain in that delightful but difficult process yecept thinking. An individual of this class would rather take the results of other men's labors, without seriously questioning the steps by which they have been obtained, than start on an independent line of investigation. People of this every-day, common type, are apt to delight in generalities, seemingly unmindful of the specious premises from which broad conclusions are not infrequently derived. They pass by a carefully considered magazine discussion and base their opinions, if they can be said to have such a thing as a bias toward a particular question, on the pungent, flippant newspaper paragraph. In a political campaign more voters are won over by some euphonious catch-word than by the keenest and most analytical discussions of the issues raised by the great parties. It is most entertaining to watch such persons when they are compelled to exercise some choice as to what they will read. There are certain classes of readers—not readers of literature, by the way—who are accustomed to being led in the paths they should go by the information which the newsboy on our railroad trains is so ready to volunteer. But this is not the genus about which we are now concerned. I refer rather to those feeble-minded creatures who are afraid to strike out boldly into the literary forests, but who seek such guides as Sir John Lubbock's "Best One Hundred Books," and the "Books that Have Helped Me." It would cost too great an expenditure of thought to map out their course by the aid of intelligent criticism, and, perhaps, they might commit the (in their eyes) unpardonable sin of reading a book or poem that hasn't proved itself delightful, or profitable, or consolatory to some famous man, who may or may not be a judge of good literature. Miss Agnes Repplier has satirized the papers on "Books that Have Helped Me" in a bright little article entitled "Books that Have Hindered Me." The fact of the matter is that it is so easy to make up a list of books which one has enjoyed that the market is full of such prescriptions for general culture, and the poor wretch who makes a business of perusing all the volumes thus recommended is liable to give up in despair, or, as it sometimes happens, starts out to read the books which he thinks he would like and finds, to his great surprise and delight, the cravings of his own mind are the best guide to pilot him through a library. My dear friend, it is a most fortunate thing if you can take Milton from the shelf and get an evening's enjoyment out of the "Paradise Lost," or dream away the hours with Spenser, or revel in the psychological studies of Browning; but Milton and Spenser did not exhaust English literature, and it may be that they do not appeal to you. If you believe that Longfellow

is, for you, a better poet than Browning, let no words from some self-constituted oracle turn you from an author whom you enjoy, and who makes you better to another whose lines have no meaning for you. "But you will gradually learn to appreciate these deeper qualities in other authors," these oracles say. It matters little if this will be your experience. After all that has been said on the difference between the greater and the lesser authors, the question finally resolves itself into "What effect has this on me?" The subjective standpoint is the final criterion of your relation to literature, as Emerson says it is of your relation to all things. If, after seeking to spell out the beauty of the old masters, I fail, through some irremediable defect in my make-up, to comprehend their charm, am I not justified in gazing upon some modern landscape painting? Because Mr. Edmund Gosse, in making up a list of the great poets of the English race, denies a place to the Americans, am I to suppress my conviction that Lowell, and Bryant, and Whittier mean more to me than Byron, and Shelley, and Wordsworth? You have tried to find beauty and comfort and enjoyment in your reading; if you followed a cut-and-dried list compiled from the dicta of men who give you their impressions of what is best, you have probably failed. A subjective standard is the only test for you.

But the Table does not intend to turn "Theolog.," although he is afraid his remarks may be construed to imply a tendency toward the sermonic. At any rate, he offers the following selections to his readers, and asks them to approve or disapprove the choices, as they may see fit:

#### TO A RETURNING SONG-BIRD.

Sing some ripe lay, all in thy richest vein,  
And set the waste of moorland rife with song.  
We to our hearts that murmur and complain  
That winter's beauties, cold and barren, long  
Have vainly sought to ease us of that pain  
That waits upon thine absence, shall say, "Wrong  
Is thy complaint; to hear the song again  
With joys increased by absence we were fain."

Oh, pour some merry, rich and gladdening lay  
From that sweet throat, made pliant by soft airs.  
Let it the joys of that mild clime convey  
Where bowers of blossom eased thee of thy cares;  
Let it, lark-like, to Heav'n take its way,  
Ardent and pure as St. Cecilia's prayers,  
Till all the wondering people, listening say,  
"God's grace hath sent some seraph's song this way."

—*Brown Magazine.*

#### A HOLLOW HEART.

A hollow heart. Amid the waves of lace,  
That with each breath upon her bosom rise  
And sink again in softest billows, lies  
A bit of silver wrought with dainty grace



On tinted silk to delicately trace  
 The slender outline of a heart. My eyes  
 Stray thither, then again with vain surmise  
 They backward fly to her sweet, baffling face.

Ah, evil omen! When she smiles I vow  
 To hesitate no more, to quickly tell  
 The words that tremble on my lips—But now  
 Her mood is altered, and her frowns dispel  
 My purpose. Hateful bauble, would she be  
 The lady of the hollow heart to me?

—*Trinity Tablet.*

#### THE WRECK.

On a desolate beach by the waves forsaken  
 Where the bleak winds worry the long rank grass,  
 In a deep last sleep destined never to waken,  
 Though her fleet-winged, fluttering sisters pass  
 And beckon her still through the wild brine speeding  
 When the keen spray stings on the quivering deck,  
 Lies, long forgotten and ruined, unheeded,  
 A grim old wreck.

The sea-gulls sweep in their swift flight o'er her,  
 The storm-clouds gather and threaten and flee.  
 Do they dream of the days when their breath up-bore her  
 Through the ravenous grasp of the wrathful sea?  
 Ah! better far that the waves upon her  
 Had leapt and lingered and hidden away  
 Her fleet white wings from the deep dishonor  
 Of slow decay.

She shall stir not again while the seasons alter  
 Through riot and ruin of sunlight and shade,  
 Though the strong swift feet of the winters falter  
 And the fierce strength of the summers fade.  
 Let none disturb, for her day is over,  
 The gaunt bleached bones that are past reclaim  
 Till the shifting sands take pity and cover  
 Her crumbling frame.

—*Yale Lit.*

#### EXCHANGES.

The first number of the *Columbia Literary Monthly* has reached the Table. Prof. Perry has a paper entitled "A Glimpse of a Swedbian University." The prospectus states that "it is the intention to publish, in each issue, an article from some prominent alumnus or member of the Faculty." "His Right-Hand Neighbor" is a sketch of college examination life well told, but we doubt the advisability of thus exposing the weakness of the examination system unless it be done for the purpose of reform.

The Editor's Table of the *Hamilton Monthly* lays down some general remarks on the trimming of the trees on the college campus. The laws of landscape art are so often violated that we presume the Hamilton authorities well deserve a lesson in this most neglected branch.

The occupant of the Brown Study (a department of the *Brown Magazine*), taking as his text, "The stop-watch is one of the most beneficent devices of the gods for the advancement of mortals," deduces therefrom a sermon on the value of time.

A writer in the *University of Virginia Magazine*, speaking of Whittier, probes the charm of his poetry in these words: "The freckles and the tan and the stain of the wild strawberry are still upon his poetry; his verse seems written to the sound of the whetstone on the scythe, or to the rhythmic beat of the flail."

"Such music as the woods and streams  
Sang in his ears he sang aloud."

"By the Way," in the *Dartmouth Lit.* has a sensible criticism on college conservatism, especially as it is manifested in the government of the student body. A college senate is suggested as a remedy for the existing difficulties. The evil complained of is felt more or less in all American colleges.

Among the many neat and bright little papers coming from the West, the *Moore's Hill Collegian* deserves especial mention. It is, with one exception, the only college journal on which the students do all the work—both of composition and printing.

#### MAGAZINES.

*Scribners* for March contains several remarkable articles in the line of "personal reminiscences and memoirs." "Audobon's Story of his Youth" is a charming bit of autobiography written by the great naturalist for his children. In the "Historic Moment Series" is described the "Death of John Quincy Adams in the Capitol." To think of the "J. & J. R. R." as the "Jerusalem & Jaffa Railway" is rather startling, but the recently completed steel tracks between the two cities and the first run thereon is described by the United States Consul at Jerusalem. In the "Poor" series Prof. Tucker, of Andover, describes the work of the "Andover House in Boston." "The French Symbolists" is the title of an appreciative essay by Aline Gorren. Mrs. Burnett continues her serial story; and Mr. Sullivan contributes a good short story, "The Man in Red."

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for March is a figure picture of Luke Fildes. It belongs to the Venetian period of Mr. Fildes's art life. The editor discusses the "Old Master's" exhibition, and Mr. Henry Silver has a most interesting article in the "Art Life of John Leech." Edwin Bale, R. I., has a paper on "Mr. Timothy Cole and American Wood Engraving"—an article liable to arouse much discussion.

The only fiction in the *Atlantic* is a continuation of Mrs. Catherwood's serial, "Old Kaskasia." Edward Everett Hale's paper on "My College

Days" shows us the Harvard of President Quincy's day, and abounds in reminiscences of students and professors. Miss Repplier's writings are among the brightest pieces of prose to be found in the magazine and her "Words" in this number of the *Atlantic* keep up her reputation. To thousands of his disciples and admirers any new light on Emerson's life is most acceptable. To such students of the great sage's works we would refer Dr. Furness' "Random Reminiscences of Emerson." A picturesque and pathetic sketch of the life of a Japanese dancing-girl is contributed by Lafcadio Hearn.

The *Popular Science Monthly* completes the account of "The Glass Industry." Irrigation of our Western lands is described in "Artesian Waters in the Arid Regions." Edith Sellers tells the story of a "Colony of Epileptics." "The Brooklyn Ethical Association," a society for the study of social problems by scientific methods, is described by its president, Dr. L. G. Jones.

While writing with all the scientific knowledge of a great astronomer, Camille Flammarion in his story, "Omega: The End of the World," which begins in the April *Cosmopolitan*, keeps the reader at the highest point of excitement by his vivid description of the alarm excited by the approach of a comet whose collision with the earth astronomers had declared to be inevitable. For scientific statements and sensational effect this promises to be a unique and characteristic product of French genius.

The contributions by women are a marked feature of the March *Arena*. Helen Campbell writes on present prices paid to women; Cora Maynard contributes a thoughtful paper on "The Woman's Part;" Helen Gungar discusses "Christ and the Liquor Seller," from the Prohibitionist's point of view; and Miss Dromgoole has a Tennessee story called "The Leper of the Cumberlandas." "The Social Quagmire and the Way Out of It" is a strong paper by Dr. Wallace. Dr. Furnival has a scholarly article, "A Defence of Shakespeare."

The *Century* for March abounds in good illustrations and entertaining prose. What diverse and valuable material is often found between the paper covers of a great magazine! Would you like to get a personal glimpse of the greatest soldier of modern times? Read the account which Captain Ussher gives of Napoleon on his way to Elba. Would you like to learn more of picturesque and historic old Westminster Abbey? Mr. Fuller is at hand with a delightful article. Would you like to hear an exquisite little love story? It begins on the first page of the March *Century*. Are you interested in studying great men in their intimate correspondence? There is spread out before you the letters of General and John Sherman.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE FRENCH WAR AND THE REVOLUTION. BY WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE, Ph.D., L.H.D. (NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

The two wars that made the independence of the United States possible were the French War and the Revolution. The first of these wars decided the question whether the new world should be ruled by France or England; and the second proved that the sturdy Englishmen on this side of the water were able to perpetuate English freedom and to establish democratic institutions.

In speaking of the characteristics of the two nations that were struggling for domination in America, Prof. Sloane says:

"In one [England] there had been created popular institutions, new force had been infused into constitutional government, the industrial classes had been recognized as an independent element in society and the emphasis in the distribution of power had been laid on a legislature which was in part, at least, representative, and the controlling rather than the regulating arm of monarchical rule. In the other [France] the Crown had absorbed every public function, the people were mere taxpayers, every activity of society had its origin from above, and the spontaneity of the masses was more and more limited to the sphere of private life.

"In this way the question of supremacy in America had acquired a significance transcending the sphere of local interests and national aggrandizement. The interest of the whole world of thought and letters was also awakened, and a few men of prophetic vision began to see and say that the destinies of European civilization were to be determined in America."

An important feature of this book is the importance that the author gives to the political theorists of the day. Even the English Constitution that had hitherto been so little affected by the speculation of political thinkers, had now absorbed a new element from that source. This theory was the "re-assertion of the Crown as the estate of the nation, indivisible and supreme, and that there was no representation without a direct delegation of authority by a specific body of freemen."

For many years the Declaration of Independence was considered inspired and immortal, but the author of this volume shows that the bill contained nothing new or original and that the political existence of the United States dates rather from the battle of Lexington than from its adoption. He further states that although irreligious and extreme radicalism is implied in its language, that it was not adopted by people who were contaminated by Rousseauism but who were pious and conservative and understood their needs and established the most natural and convenient institutions.

Prof. Sloane has given such detailed accounts of events that will show the political development of the colonies. He gives only those facts that will enable the reader to trace the rise and development of American freedom and to appreciate the position our country held in the world. The style is finished, and the book shows the careful study that Prof. Sloane is known to have made of the subject. He has had access to many original sources, principally English and French archives, and for this reason the book before us will stand as an authority on the French War and Revolution.

**DIVISION AND REUNION.** BY WOODROW WILSON, PH.D., LL.D.  
(NEW YORK: LONGMANS GREEN & Co.)

This volume is the third of the "Epochs of American History" series and extends from 1829 until 1889.

At the beginning the author gives a brief review of the political condition of the United States from 1789 until 1829, and also traces the development of the political parties. He then takes up this epoch of 60 years in four periods.

I. *The period of Critical Change* opens with the administration of Andrew Jackson. The origin of the "spoils system" and the effect that system had upon politics is given. A review of the Indian question from 1802 till 1838, of the tariff legislation and the great debate on nullification and secession is here presented. There is an important chapter on the bank question; the author discusses the constitutionality of the national bank, the history of the banking system and the great debate of that time upon the bank question. This is followed by the financial crisis of 1837 and the bank reforms. This chapter is concluded with an estimate of Southern society and a reference to the anti-slavery movement, which prepares us for the next period.

II. *The slavery question* came into more prominence at this time. The anti-slavery society was organized, and the country was beginning to divide on this great issue. Prof. Wilson shows us both sides of slave life and lays emphasis on the humane treatment that the slaves received in the greater part of the South. In speaking of the treatment of slaves as described in Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* he says: "Such cases there may have been; they may have been frequent; but they were in every sense exceptional, showing what the system could produce, rather than what it did produce, as its characteristic spirit and method." In the discussion of this question the author is impartial and there is not the least hint of party prejudice.

The annexation of Texas and the Mexican war are discussed in Chapter VI. That important period of discussion between 1846 and 1856 is the subject of Chapter VII. Here the slavery question is central.

III. *Secession and Civil War* is the title of the next period. It gives the political causes of the civil war and leaves out all details of that strife.

IV. *Rehabilitation of the Union.* The problem of reconstruction was probably more difficult to solve than any that had thus far confronted the nation. This question is briefly handled by the author.

Prof. Wilson has taken a non-partisan standpoint in all questions and has given a fair and impartial account of the policies of the great political parties. In case of the Electoral Commission of 1876 he does not go into detail and can say little else than that the commission did not vote on the legal merits of the question, but on partisan lines.

The book displays the pleasant, easy style of its author and his acuteness in estimating political movements.

This series of books upon American history is one of the most practical that has been published: The books are well outlined, the matter is relevant, and they indicate the political and economic progress of the nation.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE. BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE, L.H.D. (NEW YORK: CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

In this series of lectures the technical beauties of painting are presented. The first lecture of the course is entitled "Art for Art's Sake;" in this the author introduces his subject and gives his theory of Art. In classifying the various styles of painting he places modern Art and modern ideas under three heads, (1) The Art that discovers and reveals to us beauties of nature by artistic ideas of form, color, light, shade, atmosphere and their kind; (2) the Art which is the union of natural beauties with the artistic and poetic idea of the artist; (3) sublime Art, wherein the idea or individuality of the artist is predominant over all forms. "The artist," according to Prof. Van Dyke, "has a sense for beauty in form and color, and a mind susceptible of receiving and revealing the most delicate and poetic impressions of that beauty. He is not a reasoner but an observer; not a narrator of what he abstractly thinks, but a presenter of what he concretely sees. \* \* \* He is the man whose education and natural bent of mind have made him a seer, and, if he have any part to play in the human comedy, it is primarily that of a discoverer and revealer of those hidden beauties of nature and life."

The titles of the remaining lectures are: "Color, Tone and Light-and-Shade," "Linear and Aërial Perspective," "Values, Drawing and Composition," and "Textures, Surfaces and Brushwork."

The book is intended for beginners in the study of art, giving them an understanding of the terms of art, so that the painter's work can be intelligently translated. By grasping the meaning of such words as color, tone and value the novice is, at least, able to describe a painting. All these are so clearly defined by the author that his book may well be made a basis for class-room work. The lectures are elegantly illustrated with twenty-four reproductions of some of the best of renaissance and modern paintings. Among these are: Millet's "Gleaners," Leonarda da Vinci's



"Mono Lisa," a landscape from Rembrandt; Coreggio's "La Notte," Raphael's "Transfiguration," and paintings from Benozzo Gozzoli, Tintoretto, Signorelli, Botticelli and others.

HUME'S TREATISE ON MORALS. EDITED BY JAMES N. HYSLOP, PH.D. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

Ginn & Co.'s "Ethical Series," of which this is the initial number, will consist of several volumes, each of which will be devoted to the presentation of a leading system in the history of ethics, in selections and extracts from the original works. Dr. Hyslop, of Columbia, the editor of the work before us, has included in this volume the whole of Hume's original "Treatise on Morals," and certain parts of his work on the "Passions" which have a bearing on his Ethics. He has introduced it with a bibliography, a biographical sketch of Hume, a statement of the relation of the system to preceding ethical thought, a brief exposition of the main features of the system and its subsequent influence. The "Series" will be prepared with especial reference to undergraduate instruction and study. The object is to bring the student in direct contact with the text of the authors, enabling him to study the system itself rather than to study about the system. The "Series" makes provision for such work in a convenient and comparatively inexpensive manner.

Dr. Hyslop's part of the work is well done. The introductory essay on Hume's attitude to Philosophy in general and his position in Ethics in particular is a very helpful preliminary to the study of the text in that it clears up the terms, points out Hume's historical bearing, and gives us some insight into the peculiarities of his thought.

ESSAYS FROM "THE CRITIC." (BOSTON: J. R. OSGOOD & Co.)

To many of our readers *The Critic* is a welcome visitor. A delightful half hour spent with the "Lounger" or a little trip to Boston in company with Mr. Charles E. Wingate or a bit of London literary gossip are afforded to us every week.

The little essays that appear in this volume have all appeared in *The Critic* and need no introduction. The authors of these are: John Burroughs, E. C. Stedman, Walt Whitman, Edward Eggleston, R. H. Stoddard, P. B. Sanborn, Edith M. Thomas, E. W. Gosse, P. M. Potter, J. H. Morse, Julia Ward Howe and H. W. Bellows. The subjects of these essaylets are as varied as the names of the writers suggest. The most interesting are Thoreau, Carlyle, George Eliot and her novel, Frances Hodgson Burnett; Emerson and the Superlative, A Company of Spring Poets, Austin Dobson, Sidney Lanier and Walt Whitman.

To further characterize these essays is not in our scope. A mere mention of the authors will commend the book to our readers and examination of the subjects will make them more interesting. In no other volume is the public afforded such concise statements of the opinions of great critics on such live literary topics.



THE BEAUTY SPOT AND OTHER STORIES. BY ALFRED DE MUSSET. (CHICAGO: CHARLES H. SERGEL & Co.)

The late M. Taine said of Alfred de Musset that he thought out loud. All his writings had such a genuine accent, and no one could doubt his sincerity. As a poet he was loved by the French people; few understood him so well. "He left his mark on human thought, for he told the world what was man, love, truth, happiness."

These little stories from the pen of Musset indicate how well he understood the French people. The first is called "The Beauty Spot." The heroine of it is Madame Pompadour. It is first in merit as well as in place. The other stories of this volume are "Frederic and Bernerette," "Titian's Son," "Croisilles" and "A White Blackbird." The scene of "Frederic and Bernerette" is laid in the lower classes of Paris society "Titian's Son" is a tale of the golden days of Italian art, and in it are displayed the author's great descriptive powers. "Croisilles" is a story in the time of Louis XV. The last of these little stories is a poet's allegory. It is full of satire and has many touches of humor. These stories have been translated by Kendall Warren, and the veracious style of the author is well preserved.

PSYCHICS: FACTS AND THEORIES. BY REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE. (BOSTON: ARENA PUBLISHING Co.)

This work is composed of a series of intensely interesting articles on the subject of Psychical Research, which have recently appeared in the *Arena*. The author tells of some marvelous experiences and describes some wonderful occurrences for which he furnishes the most satisfactory corroboration. Mr. Savage has for many years made a special study of these phenomena. The most skeptical cannot deny the facts which are presented. Some of us who have commonly regarded such phenomena as either fraudulent or wholly illusory cannot but be convinced that the facts of Spiritualism are well worthy of patient investigation. These things cannot be superciliously ignored as the hallucinations of the superstitious or tricks of the conjurer. A rational explanation of some sort must be found. Mr. Savage is dominated by no theory. In fact, he ventures no hypothesis; but it seems to us that he presents such facts as render any but a spiritualistic explanation impossible. However that may be, the book is one that will be read with much pleasure by any one who attempts it; because, in addition to its Psychological value, it appeals to a more general interest—the love for the marvelous.

THROUGH CHRIST TO GOD. BY JOSEPH AGAR BEET, D.D. (NEW YORK: HUNT AND EATON.)

This volume consists of a compilation of Dr. Beet's lectures on Systematic Theology. As its author says in the preface, it is "a statement, in part, of the gospel of Christ and his teaching about himself and God ;

and an argument proving that this statement reproduces correctly the actual teaching of Christ, and proving that His teaching is true. It is an attempt to show that, by a strictly historical and scientific and philosophical method, definite and assured results may be reached touching the unseen foundations of religion." To reach this, the end which the author has in view, he proceeds by a most careful and logical arrangement and statement of his thought, giving, with a most commendable fairness, all due respect to the writings of Plato, Cicero, Buddha and the other great philosophers of ancient times. He assumes nothing and most logically proves his every point, his style throughout being so good that the work never becomes heavy or uninteresting. We believe it will be of the utmost interest not only to the students of theology to whom the lectures were originally delivered, but to every one who is seeking after those truths on which rest the hope of the Christian. The book is the first of a series of four volumes, the others to be "The New Life in Christ," "The Church of Christ" and "The Last Things." Its printing and binding are finely done.

MUSIC AND ITS MASTERS. BY ANTON RUBINSTEIN. (Chicago: CHARLES H. SERGEL & Co.)

In this little volume the great artist gives us, rather than a formulated theory, his views on a number of independent musical subjects. The words of a great master in any line of art carry with them of themselves a large amount of weight. And this is fully true of Rubinstein, who is not only a composer but an unequalled interpreter of all the higher forms of music written since the days of Bach. The writer gives us his views of the proper ranking of various composers and the true place of the different styles of music; also the principles which underlie composition and govern its true rendition. The book, however, is not over-technical for it is rather an expression of the inner spirit of music, treating it as an art and not as a science. In point of style the language is concise and clear and the form is that of dialogue. There is depth and richness of thought, which renders the work most valuable and instructive.

SOME NEW NOTES ON MACBETH. BY M. F. LIBBY, B. A. (TORONTO: THE COPP, CLARK CO.)

The author of these comments on the play of Macbeth wishes to establish his belief that Cawdor, who is usually represented as a traitor, was an honorable gentleman, and that he was sacrificed to the ambition of Macbeth, Ross and Banquo. This interpretation is in vindication of the folio of 1623 and affects the established meaning of the play in several respects.

Mr. Libby has given the text in full and it is italicized where the interpretation of the character of Cawdor and Ross is involved.

The author briefly gives his theory as follows:

"The Thane of Ross, though a subordinate character, is more important than has yet been shown. He is not merely loquacious and weak, but an ambitious intriguer, a man of some ability but no more; worth, a coward, spy and murderer. \* \* \*

"Cawdor was in fact a loyal gentleman; that Ross, from a desire to curry favor with Macbeth, and from other motives traduced and ruined Cawdor; that Macbeth and Banquo allowed Cawdor to be ruined, that the words of the witches might prove true; that Cawdor was in the camp unaware of the plot against him, and that the conspirators, armed with the hasty command of the King, put him to death with complete injustice."

The interpretation is undoubtedly heterodox, for the case against Cawdor has hitherto been considered conclusive.

THE RISE OF THE SWISS REPUBLIC. BY W. D. McCracken, A. M.  
(BOSTON: ARENA PUBLISHING Co.)

It is an interesting fact that the best account of American political institutions is by an Englishman; that the most famous history of English Literature is by a Frenchman. The book before us is a history of Switzerland, by an American. He has fitted himself for this study and has presented the facts so that they will be especially interesting to his fellow countrymen.

Mr. McCracken has spent five years in Switzerland and during that time he had access to some archives that have never been used before in a history. He has aimed to give a brief and comprehensive view of the rise of the republic; he shows that in its struggle to free itself from the impositions of its great neighbors "it has run the whole gamut of self-government, striking all the intervening notes between complete subjugation and unquestioned independence." The chapters in which the author compares Swiss institutions to our own are especially fine and will be treasured by the thoughtful student of American political life.

The author has aimed at popularity in writing his history; there is no attempt at ornament, but it has a clear, narrative style. The book shows that its writer is a thoughtful student of politics and that he can appreciate the relative importance of facts.

A MAIDEN OF MARS. BY GEN. F. M. CLARKE. (CHICAGO: CHAS. H. SEEGEL & Co.)

We have here another tale from a manuscript, and as is usual with this class of stories, we find ourselves dealing with the mysterious and the unknown.

Harold S. Houghton is a student interested throughout his college course in all branches of psychology and especially in the subject of suspended animation. After his graduation he travels abroad, through Eu-

rope and into Asia, among the Himalayas. There he falls in with The College of the Apepts and through them is guided to the King's Highway. This in time leads him to Mars, where he first meets Avis, a Maiden of Mars. His experiences there and his several returns to earth take up the greater part of the book.

The book is ingenious as well as interesting and will be read with much pleasure.

CIVILIZATION'S INFERNO. BY B. O. FLOWER. (BOSTON: ARENA PUBLISHING Co.)

This book consists of a collection of papers that have appeared from time to time in the *Arena*, of which magazine its author is the editor. Its chapters are, as Mr. Flower himself calls them, "studies in the social cellar," its subject being the present condition of the "lower classes" in our great cities; their poverty; and the degradation, vice and misery resulting therefrom. This, the greatest social problem of our day, is laid before the reader in all its importance, its increasing dangers pointed out and practical remedies suggested in a way that is as interesting as thoughtful. We are glad to see the fashionable extravagances and vices of the class that assumes for itself the title of "Society" treated with the condemnation they deserve, as in the chapter on the "Froth and Dregs," which is one of the best in the book. It is a work that has long been needed, and we feel sure that it will go far toward reaching the end, it looks forward to so hopefully. The book itself is well printed and handsomely bound.

LOVE IN WRATH, OR THE PERFECTION OF GOD'S JUDGMENTS.

BY ARTHUR T. PIERSON. (NEW YORK: BAKER & TAYLOR Co.)

This is a scholarly and comprehensive treatise upon the oft-disputed question, "The relation of divine anger to divine compassion." The purpose of the work is rather to explain the co-existence and intimate connection of love and wrath than to attempt any balancing of the two ideas. The writer seems to avoid either of the two extremes possible and makes a most thorough analysis of the character of the Supreme Being in His capacity of Judge, as well as discussing the execution of God's judgments. The work is one containing much serious thought and the matter is presented in a forcible and earnest manner.

SEED: NUMBER ONE HARD. BY JOHN G. WOOLLEY. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY.)

This admirable book is the gift of its publishers to Rest Island Mission, Rest Island, Minnesota, a "sanctuary" established by the author for the restoration of men fallen through drink. All profit arising from the sale will be donated to the Mission.

The six speeches are entitled: (1) Number One Hard; (2) Christian Patriotism; (3) Gospel Temperance; (4) "Thy Bottle"; (5) "Wine is a Mockery"; (6) A Larger View of Gospel Temperance.

Miss Frances E. Willard says of the author: "A more complete speaker and writer our temperance family does not count in its great and gifted membership than John G. Woolley. He argues his case with matchless logic."

These addresses on the temperance question are bold and uncompromising, the style is incisive and the sentences finished and forceful. The author has a firm conviction in the importance of his cause, and he has consecrated his life to the salvation of his fellow-men.

GREEK-ENGLISH WORD-LIST; CONTAINING ABOUT 1,000 MOST COMMON GREEK WORDS SO ARRANGED AS TO BE MOST EASILY LEARNED AND REMEMBERED. BY ROBERT BAIRD, PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

So far as we know, this book is the first embodiment of an excellent idea. Teachers of the classics, and especially of Greek, are coming to realize that they must use as far as possible the same methods as are employed in teaching a modern language. Nothing is more important to proficiency than the early and proper formation of a good working vocabulary which can be carried in the mind of the student so as to be available in translation and composition. This book will be a great aid to teachers if used carefully with copious exercise in using the words learnt. It should not be forgotten that ability to recognize Greek words by the ear is a fine preparation for understanding modern Greek. The book may prove very useful in this respect also. The book as a pioneer in a valuable field deserves great praise; but there are two points in which it may be much improved: First, by giving the commonest and most obvious meaning of each word, *e. g.*, *Βουλεύω* is given as "to plan, deliberate," which is its meaning only in the middle voice. *Κοιῶ* "care for, carry away," usually means *provide, furnish*. Second, the grouping of the words is often a little mechanical, *e. g.*, *μένω* and *λείπω*. An association according to roots is not sufficiently developed.

SCHOOL-ROOM CLASSICS. XIV. THE THEORY OF EDUCATION. BY W. T. HARRIS, LL. D., COM. OF ED. (SYRACUSE, N. Y.: C. W. BARDEEN.)

This well-printed and illustrated little pamphlet is one of a series whose aim is to be commended, *viz.*, the diffusion of more knowledge of their profession among teachers. The present number begins by refuting the doctrine of Rousseau, that all education should be toward a state of nature. After establishing the premise that education is to develop the spiritual side of man, the treatise takes up the problem "Text-Books

as Oral Instruction," and shows that the former is peculiarly suited to the American idea of education, which is to make every pupil a student on his own account by developing his powers and putting materials before him. So far as it goes the treatise is excellent, but the title is too broad for its treatment.

**HER SHATTERED IDOL.** BY BELLE V. LOGAN. (CHICAGO: MONELL HIGGINS & Co.)

The scene of this novel is in Ohio, and tells the story of forty years ago. It is the sad story of the love of Rosanna Vance, a village belle. The novel has little merit in plot, and the incidents in many cases are overdrawn.

**THE BRIDES OF THE TIGER.** BY WILLIAM H. BABCOCK. (CHICAGO: MORRILL, HIGGINS & Co.)

In 1619, when there were few women in the Jamestown Colony in America, young women were imported from England to be the wives of the planters. The story is founded upon this fact. It is exciting and is told in a plain style, but it has no merit beyond that.

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